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This and Other Issues

Modern Age: A Free Community

THE CONSERVATIVE is an individualist; but he is not a lone wolf. While he refuses to let the crowd determine his personality and values, he does not isolate himself from his fellows. Respecting the essential human freedom of both himself and others, he joins in voluntary association with like-minded people in the pursuit of what he knows is good.

We thus conceive of MODERN AGE: *A Conservative Review*, its sponsors, editors, advisors, contributors, and readers, as a free community of persons, talking and working together with enjoyment and satisfaction toward a goal which is both common and individual.

The creation of a free community is not, however, an accidental, hit-or-miss affair. Community comes into being as the result partly of discovering and partly of building coincident values, attitudes, and goals. And as John C. Calhoun, perhaps the greatest American exponent of free community, spent his life demonstrating, due processes must be adopted to bring about

this discovering and building.

For the word to be made flesh, for spirit to gain substance, for content to realize itself in form, appropriate events have to take place. MODERN AGE becomes the expression of a free community of individualists in this way: Before publication, all articles, stories, and poems are read and approved by at least two of the editors, who meet together once a week. The editors further meet once a month with the board of directors of the Institute for Philosophical and Historical Studies, to report on the progress of the magazine and to get the views of the board. Frankness of interchange among the editors and members of the board is encouraged; agreement and disagreement are expressed with equal freedom. Respecting one another, all persons concerned, directors and editors alike, work together to determine policy on which the group as a whole and each man individually can agree. The majority does not rule. Each man rules. The free community rules.

So convinced are we that this is the proper, conservative way of running things—the “process” that is “due”—we have determined to extend its compass. Heretofore, the editorial advisors of MODERN AGE have been an honorary body, impressive in individual accomplishment, but serving the magazine largely by lending it the dignity and weight of their reputations, rather than by actively participating in its conduct. Henceforth, the editorial advisors will be more closely joined with the rest of us in determining the policy and contents of the magazine. The men whose names are now listed on the inside front cover have agreed to give us their advice and criticism, to evaluate articles submitted for publication, and to send us on occasion essays written by themselves. We welcome them as active participants in the free community that is MODERN AGE.

To the men who now retire as editorial advisors of MODERN AGE, Brainard Cheney, W. T. Couch, Raymond English, Warren L. Fleischauer, Anthony Harrigan, Ross J. S. Hoffman, Nicholas Joost, Edwin McClellan, Wilhelm Roepke, David Warren Ryder, Otto von Simson, and F. L. Wynd, we extend our profound thanks. When a conservative review was nothing more than the substance of things hoped for, they gave it their endorsement simply on the basis of faith in the idea and in the men chosen to execute it. The emergence of MODERN AGE as one of America's most widely read and influential quarterlies is due in no small measure to the original editorial advisors who honored the magazine with their good names.

Finally, we invite you, our readers, to enter the free community of MODERN AGE more actively than you have in the past. We shall appreciate your writing to us to tell us what you think of the articles, stories, and poems we have been publishing; to suggest problems that need exploring; to call our attention to authors whose writings would strengthen our magazine. When you are in Chicago, we hope you will visit us in our offices, so that we may meet you face-to-face.

There has been much talk in our century about two types of men: Ortega's mass man, who gains his identity from the crowd; and David Riesman's lonely man, who finds himself in the crowd, but unable to speak to anyone in it. We of MODERN AGE are concerned with a third type of man: the man who belongs to himself but who finds in the crowd many other free men to speak to, work with, and enjoy.

—C.E.L.

Conservatism and the Status Quo

CONSERVATISM IS FREQUENTLY criticized as a doctrine which supports the preservation of the status quo. It is said to be a philoso-

phy of opposition to change, and conservatives are accordingly represented as being opposed to change, and since change is essential to betterment, conservatism is said to be a creed of resistance to attempts at betterment of the human condition.

This criticism is based upon a completely mistaken view of the nature of the philosophy of conservatism. Neither from the standpoint of history nor from that of theory can conservatism be depicted as a set of principles aimed at the preservation of the status quo. On the contrary, the historical record is clear that in the past conservatives have upon many occasions worked for great changes in the world about them, changes which in some instances became of momentous consequence in history. And in the present time the principles of conservatism lead conservatives to seek change in current thought and current action. We who are conservatives see much about us which we do not approve. We see a strong trend toward collectivism. We see Communism established among half the peoples of the globe, socialism entrenched in nearly all the nations of Europe, and many socialistic institutions already planted in our own land, with more constantly proposed. We would change all this. We would not preserve the status quo insofar as it manifests collectivism. We seek, rather, to remove collectivism and all its works from the human scene.

It must never be forgotten that Edmund Burke, the man who probably did more than any other to bring modern conservatism into being, favored the cause of the American colonists in their armed revolt against the British government. The same conservative principles that led Burke to condemn the French Revolution caused him to approve the American Revolution. In each case self-interest would have induced Burke to take the opposite position;

he would have approved the French Revolution, which was not unpopular with the English people, and would have condemned the American Revolution, which threatened the prestige and position of his own nation. But Burke to his great honor preferred the approbation of his conscience to the approbation of his countrymen; and being instructed by conservative principles, he stated his position in words which still inform and inspire us.

Burke recognized that in both France and America the status quo ante the revolution was bad. In France the monarchy had sunk into desuetude and debauchery, with consequent misrule throughout the nation. In America the King of England had claimed the privilege of supplanting representative government by military dictatorship, and had in fact begun the exercise of this claimed privilege by sending his army into Massachusetts, where the legislature was banished, all civilian authority outlawed, and everything subjected to the decree of the British general, who in turn was responsible only to the king.

Burke saw that in France the revolutionary leaders, with their wild enthusiasm for theories never tested by experience, could only turn a bad situation into a worse one. On the other hand, he saw that the leaders of the rebellion in America were attempting to re-establish in practice those principles of representative and limited government which the British people had struggled through six hundred years to bring to partial reality. In the one case, therefore, he rejected the particular revolution as an unwise attempt to change the status quo; and in the other he endorsed revolution as a means of preserving established values.

This is orthodox conservatism. Conservatism is not wedded to the status quo as such, but only to the extent that the status quo gives effect to time-tested principles.

In part the misunderstanding on this point is due to connotations carried by the word conservatism. The meaning of the Latin *conservare*, to retain or to protect, remains strongly in its English derivatives, and accordingly it is easy to think of conservatism simply as a doctrine of retaining or preserving something, without inquiring what it is that is sought to be retained or preserved.

This difficulty of nomenclature, however, is not unique with conservatism. It is shared with all forms of social philosophy. Communism does not believe in community ownership of all things, but only of most things. Socialism does not advocate that all processes of society be subjected to socialization, but only that some processes be socialized. Likewise conservatism does not want to preserve everything from the past, but only certain things which have stood the test of time. A set of ideas cannot be summed up in a single word, and this is as true of conservatism as of other philosophies.

A second source of misunderstanding of the relation of conservatism to the status quo is the emphasis conservatism places upon human experience in the past. Despite the fact that throughout most of human history men have lived under social institutions that were essentially forms of collectivism, the collectivists of our day, the socialists, Communists, and statists, rarely refer to history and seem still more rarely to consult it. If they did so, they would learn that the periods of far-reaching state control—the prevailing pattern of the past—were typically times of desolation and unhappiness, and that only in the comparatively rare times and places where individual freedom has prevailed—one of them fortunately being our own country during the past two hundred years—has the human chronicle glowed with welfare and accomplishment.

The conservative believes that the wrongs which produced wrong in the past will do so again in the future if they are indulged in, and that the institutions of individual freedom and limited government will, on the other hand, result in human welfare and happiness in the future even as they have in the past. It is to the preservation of these use-tested institutions that conservatives are dedicated, opposing themselves to those foolish experimenters who cannot see into the future because they will not first school themselves by an examination of history. Conservatism looks at the past that it may more adequately look at the future. It seeks to preserve the things that have worked well in the past that the future may be well served. This is the relation of conservatism to the status quo.

—CIVIS AMERICANUS

Persons and Personality

RUNNING THROUGH this issue of MODERN AGE, explicitly or by implication, is the theme of human personality. The opening article, Gerhart Niemeyer's "Risk or Betrayal? The Crossroads of Western Policy," seems at first glance to be concerned with the choices of nations rather than of men. But the "neutralists" whom Professor Niemeyer attacks are men, and the decisions soon to be made at the Summit Conferences will be those of men. Mr. Niemeyer condemns any policy which makes physical survival its primary aim: men who survive as slaves, he says in effect, are not men.

William Ernest Hocking, who has not only survived but remained his own man for eighty-six years, reminds us that men have a responsibility beyond mere self-expression. In "The International Role of Art in Modern Times" he calls upon the artists to affirm and build life rather than deny it. All right, he says, the human con-

dition as we find it is Absurd; stop asking us to drown ourselves in it, rescue us from it!

Ezra Pound's essay "The Adams-Jefferson Letters as a Shrine and a Monument," is especially fitting at this time, since publication of *The Adams-Jefferson Letters*, a project which Pound has been urging for at least thirty years, has just taken place (2 vols.; University of North Carolina Press). Mr. Pound writes that he is not sure whether this essay, written in 1937, was published or rejected by the old *North American Review*. At any rate, we are proud to bring this little-known study, which shows the kind of men we once were, and can be again, to public attention. This essay, along with others, will be published by Regnery this summer under the title *Impact: Essays on Ignorance and the Decline of American Civilization*.

Pound speaks of Adams and Jefferson as existing in a "full world." A contemporary man who lives in a full world is Frank F. Kolbe, whose "Letter to an Unconvinced Friend" was not intended for publication. Since we are convinced that conservatives are not all of one identical pattern (God forbid!), we prevailed upon Mr. Kolbe to let us publish his letter as an example of one personal variation on the conservative theme.

Our symposium this issue is composed of two articles on the relation between political theory and human nature. James V. Schall, author of "Theory in American Politics," rejoices in what other political scientists deplore—that no American theorist has devised a political system comparable to those thought out by Hegel or Marx. This, says Mr. Schall, is good: we in the United States instinctively shy away from such systems, since Americans follow Christianity's conception of man's capacities as limited, and thus keep politics working away at practical matters instead

of constructing illusory utopias.

Donald A. Zoll, "Conservatism and a Philosophy of Personality," is less happy than Mr. Schall in relying on a Christian interpretation of human nature, and he is sure that many conservatives would rest easier if they could explain man's penchant for irrational behavior on some other basis than the doctrine of original sin. His suggestion that a conservative philosophy of personality might base itself on the analytic psychology of C. G. Jung is a stimulating one—bound to awaken controversy.

Old Luisa, the grandmother of Marie Chay's short story, "Piedmont Every Friday," who tried to make a Colorado mining town as much like Italy as possible, however needed no sophisticated theology or psychology to let her know what most conservatives know instinctively: that one realizes his personality by holding fast to the good things life has brought him—even when life turns around and threatens to take them back.

In our concern for the welfare of persons, Theodore Levitt points out in "Business and the Plural Society," we are piling the welfare corporation on top of the welfare state. At the risk of sounding old-fashioned, Mr. Levitt declares that the business of business is business—not model villages, bowling alleys, or Saturday night fish fries. He paints a picture of a corpo-

rate Big Daddy that makes George Orwell's bureaucratic Big Brother look like Baby Sister.

Concern for persons can, indeed, lead to strange programs. We sometimes think that the tombstone over our buried civilization will carry the legend *Out of the Goodness of Their Hearts*. John Dewey was undoubtedly a good man, but (as Clarence B. Carson demonstrates in "The Concept of Democracy and John Dewey") by the time he got through talking about democracy in thirty different ways, the only way you could give it to men was to make slaves of them first.

Our reviews are also concerned with "person" and "personality": the survival of persons and the liberation of persons in the atomic age; two personal interpretations of life in contemporary Russia; the personal diplomacy of Franklin Delano Roosevelt; the tendency of American government to change from rule by many persons to rule by one; and three orphic poets who sing in three quite different personal modes. On another page, we print an example of the work of one of these poets, John Moffitt, whose "The Flower Turned Lady" has absolutely no excuse for being—except for the keen delight which the reader takes in sharing Mr. Moffitt's quite personal way of looking at an exotic but rather well-known flower.

MODERN AGE

A Conservative Review



Risk or Betrayal? The Crossroads of Western Policy

GERHART NIEMEYER

Obsessed by fear of atomic war, the "neutralists" forget that there is more than one way in which a man can lose his life.

THERE ARE SOME among us who consider the destructiveness of atomic war an argument to end all arguments. Whatever they fear will happen once atomic bombs are used supposedly exceeds in frightful finality any other conceivable evil—so much that it assumes in their eyes the character of an unchanging absolute.

In the proximity of this absolute, so these people feel, all other values in turn

change their relative importance. A number of British intellectuals, reacting to an original paper by Philip Toynbee, now present us (in *The Fearful Choice*, Wayne State University Press: 1959) with the example of leaders of men whom obsession with prospective death has to a considerable degree desensitized to the call of any obligation save that of preserving existence. Not all the contributors to this slen-

der volume are as "fearful" in their "choice" as its editor, Toynbee, and the group that acclaims his views. But it does indeed seem possible to find in England any number of thinking men who in the name of the "lesser evil" have persuaded themselves that, besides the prospect of a sudden collective end to existence, no other distinctions between good and evil can be allowed any weight. Social order, achievement of justice, government for the common good, respect for individual personality—all these fade into relative insignificance when it comes to avoiding the dreaded fate of atomic annihilation.

"In the terrible context of nuclear war," writes Toynbee, "even the vital differences between Communism and Western freedom become almost unimportant." The West, he declares, should "negotiate at once with the Russians and get the best terms which are available." Since Russia, in his estimation, is now and will continue to remain stronger, there is nothing to do for the West "but to negotiate from comparative weakness." He admits that this may well set up "the total domination of the world by Russia within a few years." While he expects a "period of sporadic . . . rebellions against Russia," he is persuaded that "these rebellions *would* be hopeless—far, far more hopeless than was the Hungarian revolution of 1956." The Soviets would impose on us a "regime which most of us detest," but this is better than "allowing [the human race] to destroy itself in appalling and prolonged anguish." And one of those who affirmatively reply to Toynbee's paper in this volume confesses: "I might not very much mind living under Soviet domination (I would hope to avoid concentration camps)." A regime of concentration camps, in other words, is all right as long as it keeps us from atomic war, and its blows fall only on others.

These men are not Communists. Their

relative insensitivity to value distinctions with respect to present-day society does not stem, as it does with Communists, from a conviction that this world is a "false" world and that the "real" world lies still hidden in the folds of history's dialectic. These men are not obsessed with revolution as a "holy" cause. They do not crave total destruction as the sole remedy for society's evils. They do not derive their certainties from an infallible Party. They do not reverence Russia as the embodiment of mankind's "true" interests.

Nevertheless, their attitude not only plays into the hands of the Communists but does indeed resemble that of Communists in important respects. Like Communists, they have come to look upon the problems of political order as an entirely secondary matter, something that hardly deserves intellectual attention compared with the "real" issues. While to Communists the "real" issues are those of protracted struggle ("class struggle"), to the neutralists the "real" issue is security from atomic war. Like Communists, they also play down, and even deny, the distinctions between better and worse societies, holding that no society is "good" enough to be defended in an age of atomic armaments.

Communists, of course, reject value distinctions merely with respect to non-Communist societies, and claim that societies ruled by them bear the stamp of absolute value. Modern neutralists, going further, have come to shrug their shoulders at all value distinctions between societies, in the context of national defense.

In other words, we have here a mood which expresses itself in a way very much like that of the Communists but which flows from different mental and psychological sources. Communists, in the last analysis, are determined to carry on a fight for indefinite time to come; neutralists have given up on all fighting. Communists do

whatever they do in the name of future history; neutralists do not entertain any hope or vision beyond that of mere existence. Communists, even though in the throes of demonic error, have purpose and direction; neutralists have only fear. Neutralist intellectuals are leaders who are laying down their office of guiding their fellow beings in matters of public order and the good life.

The Western intellectuals' abdication of leadership antedates atomic weapons. Its causes are deeper than the reasons adduced for neutralism. These deeper causes cannot be explored in this context. Here we must remain at the surface, on the level of the arguments which neutralists publicly use.

These arguments are simple enough. The destructiveness of modern military weapons, they declare, is so utterly novel that our social institutions must be thoroughly changed to fit the new situation. Above all, the "institution" of war must be considered wholly obsolete, and with it the institution of national self-defense. For self-defense is bound to lead to war; and war under modern conditions, to "collective suicide." War can therefore have no more conceivable meaning—not that of preservation of independence, nor that of protecting human freedom, nor the security of home and hearth, nor the survival of national traditions.

War is no longer admissible under any pretext, and the inadmissibility of war must be publicly sanctioned by the abolition of nuclear weapons, even by unilateral abandonment if the Russians should prove not to be amenable to persuasion. Such a step should be appraised not in terms of its political consequences, but of its effectiveness in preventing nuclear war, since the issue of nuclear war as such is no longer linked with political questions.

Non-neutralists usually contest this argument on its own ground. They hold that

nuclear war, after all, is not as destructive as all that (conceding the point to the neutralists in case it is as destructive as the latter say). Moreover, they contend, nuclear war will not break out as long as both sides maintain what has been called the "balance of terror." Finally, they say, even with wholesale destruction, there will be a difference between victor and vanquished which will lend meaning even to atomic war.

Both sides thus argue in terms of the future, and one type of speculation is opposed to another. In this kind of debate, the neutralists can hold their own without difficulty. After all, in estimating the future developments concerning atomic war, they simply choose to be guided by a pessimistic estimate, which of course is not unreasonable, as long as there is no wishful distortion of facts.

The truth of our situation is, however, that we are threatened not by one destructive force of unprecedented dimensions, but by two. The atom bomb represents material devastation; the Communist Party, political destruction. The latter, as a political force, is as demonic, as novel, as unheard-of as nuclear explosion. The former's destructiveness is on a new level of *quantity* (so vastly more destruction than TNT in so horribly less time), while Communism is destructive with a novel *quality* (not mere injustice or mere unfreedom, but the ravaging of the reality of human life by the spirit of dogmatized unreality).

Western intellectuals understand the danger of material destruction, which is, after all, simple and obvious. The quality of Communism's destructiveness has so far escaped their grasp. To understand it, one must get oneself to enter a mental world of distortion, reason perverted with the aid of force, half-truth set up as dogma, deceit espoused as norm.

I am not sure whether it is to the credit

of Western intellectuals that they cannot bring themselves to accept the existence of evil that lies at the very core of man's reasoning about himself and the world. There have been, in the past, Western leaders of highly exalted morality who were capable of seeing and describing total corruption of the human will with profound if horrified understanding of the underlying corruption of reason (Melville, Dostoevsky, Conrad, to name a few). Contemporary intellectuals no longer seem to have this capacity. But I am not sure whether their innocence regarding the evil of Communism is that of a trusting child or that of a senile half-wit. If it is the latter, it is likely to be a "sickness unto death."

FOR COMMUNISTS do not simply want to rule the world. They mean to destroy it. To them, the "present-day" world is a false world, corrupt, wholly devoid of any good, deserving total rejection. Its defects cannot be repaired. Its institutions, ideas, emotional patterns, must all be utterly eradicated, even from the habits and memories of the third and fourth generation. The "true reality," according to Communism, will arrive only in the future, at the triumphant climax of the Communists' fight against the forces of the present. It is not that they hope for an ideal society; they rather pretend to know that the "true" society will emerge from this vale of struggle once all remnants of the present-day "false" society have been removed.

Communists thus hold that any human interests, hopes, or aspirations which in some form or shape cling to the present-day world are as false and unreal as that world itself. The "real" interests of men supposedly are those linked with the coming of the future "real" world. Men indeed do have interests in the present, but these are significant only as handles by which

one can manipulate otherwise resisting humanity.

The rule of Communists is therefore no conventional tyranny, since its roots are hostility to the "present-day" world rather than pride of unlimited power. Communists wield government-in-the-present as a battle-axe. A nation, a people, a state—these are to them so many battle-fields to be won, held, and strategically used. Communists as rulers do not consider it their primary business to minister to the needs and aspirations of men, either positively or negatively. Their inner eye is fixed on the image of the future "true reality" as against the "false" world and its inhabitants of the present. They live in the present as utter strangers, even among their own people.

Their rule therefore is a continuous practice of deceit. To the "present-day" world they address themselves in its language, the language of ordinary interests people may have in the present, the language of present peace, justice, welfare, beauty, friendship. They pass themselves off as sponsors and protectors of such interests, but actually use them as means by which to enlist people as tools of their strategy. Their rule is "not of this world," not of the world of present reality, but of the unreality of speculative fiction.

That is why their hostility to the "present-day" world is so unrelenting. That is why they impose their Party line not merely to secure their power, but to combat the expressions of the "present-day" world in art, poetry, music, philosophy, and religion. That is why they are never contented with mere compliance under their rule, but always seek to break their victim's mind from the world of common humanity, to attach it to the cause of the dialectic future, to bring about its inner transformation by means of "self-criticism" or public confession. That is why they cannot stop lecturing even to their life-long enemies in the

inhuman setting of the prison camps. That is why there can be for them no truth, ethics, wisdom, save in the Party's cause; why every act of the Party's power is to them "hallowed" through its service to the dialectic of history.

And that is why Communists, in their relations with men and women of the "present-day" world can never achieve peace, no matter how strong a structure of power they erect.

COMMUNISTS ARE NOT the first in history to conduct themselves as utter strangers in this world, or to look upon its destruction as a work of redemption. Eric Voegelin has recently directed our attention to the kinship between the modern world-destroying *animus* with various Gnostic movements, particularly that of the Manichees (cf. his *Wissenschaft, Politik und Gnosis*, Munich: 1959, and *The New Science of Politics*, Chicago: 1952).

The Manichean movement was dangerous enough, as we can still gauge from the description of its moral and social destructiveness by St. Augustine. The novel fact in the latest movement of this series is, though, that the Communists possess not only a world-destroying ideology but also a political program, a combat organization, and the power resources of mighty countries. They have thus the capability of translating the profound irrationality of their thinking into acts of government, diplomacy, economic management, education. As their ideology clashes with the reality of human life, it is not the truth which carries the day but their power through which they can bend realities to their will.

Where life resists them, they suppress it by compulsion. Where truth contradicts them, they silence it by decree. Where conscience speaks, they press it into the rigidity of organization. Where failure dogs

their steps, they burden it on others within the vast reach of their rule. Their waste is corrected by more waste. Their inefficiencies are met by increased controls over their victims. The unreality of their thinking is protected by the enforcement of ideological dogmas. The lagging support of the masses is shored up by the threat of armed force.

Communists as rulers are destructive in an unprecedented way. One hesitates to call oppressive governments of the conventional type destructive by comparison. Asiatic despotism ruled by terror, to be sure. It demanded "total submission" of its subjects in action and symbolic gesture, was motivated by universal distrust, and produced "total loneliness created by fear" (cf. K. A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism*, Yale University Press: 1957). It presided over stable but stagnant societies allowing only such creative activities as suited its own requirements of despotic power.

The Nazis practiced all this and more. They had motives beyond mere despotic power, for they divided men into those who deserve to exist and others who do not. When in government, they made it their task to extinguish the second kind of people, people who were doomed not because of criminal deeds or intentions, but because of their being what they were. The Nazi government founded its system on authority arrogating to itself the role of God. In revolt against the order of being, they made the systematic destruction of a part of humanity their public policy. Thus they added to the terror by which they maintained themselves in power the deliberate public violation of the order that is "written in the hearts of citizens," the standards of mutual respect and decency by which men live together in peace.

Communism, compared with Nazism, is more destructive by far. Like Nazism, it

divides people into those to whom it concedes existence and others deserving of extermination. Like Nazism, it has thus elevated murder to the rank of public policy, as it seeks to refashion the human race after its own ideas of what it should have been. It tops Nazi destructiveness, however, by basing its rule, in addition to all this, on the principle of public deceit. Communists, in and out of power, are motivated by their elaborate ideology which pretends to full knowledge of the laws of historic development. The semi-rationality of this doctrine has compelled its adherents from the beginning to forbid categorically the raising of certain questions that would endanger its very foundations (cf. Voegelin, *Wissenschaft, Politik und Gnosis*).

Communist ideology is thus closed off from public discussion. It has the function of an *arcanum*, a secret and unexaminable "knowledge" of the initiated, a *ratio* which its possessors cannot share with the outside. Both the organization and the strategy of Communism are based on this premise. A Communist axiom states that the masses are not capable of "socialist consciousness," i.e. of that kind of consciousness which is wholly committed to the "true world" of the future and wholly detached from all loyalty to the "present-day" world.

The Communists proceed on the assumption that they live in one world, and all the rest in another. Between Communists and non-Communists, there can be no sharing of participation in anything comparable to the common good. Communists lead masses from whom they know they must remain alien in vision, hopes, and aspirations. Their leadership and exercise of public power must therefore assume the nature of manipulation. No publicly shared truth links Communists with the people. The insincerity of their relationship is

more than fearful distrust. It is the insincerity of total and deliberate alienation.

Communists in public authority are not merely despots like the Asiatic rulers, or murderers like the Nazis, but also deniers and destroyers of the very foundation of public truth. In the words of Dr. Zhivago:

... [they] aren't at home in anything except change and turmoil . . . for them transitional periods, worlds in the making, are an end in themselves. They aren't trained for anything else, they don't know anything except that. And do you know why these never-ending preparations are so futile? It's because these men haven't any real capacities, they are incompetent. Man is born to live, not to prepare for life. Life itself, the phenomenon of life, is so breathtakingly serious! So why substitute this childish harlequinade of immature fantasies . . . ?

In mankind's experience, government has always figured as an institution publicly representing publicly shared insights into the meaning of life, God, man, nature, time. The government of Communists is the example of public authority (an authority controlling an immensely powerful machinery of education and indoctrination) which reserves and conceals whatever it holds in the place of truth, and publicly proceeds on the assumption that there is no shared truth linking its rule with the people.

Communist destructiveness, exceeding that of the Nazis, thus goes to the very structure of man's spiritual existence. It undermines the foundation of public order within which the human being can alone mature. The fruit of Communist rule must be spiritual chaos and progressive barbarization. The traditional order "written in the hearts of Russians," to be sure, is still withstanding the destructive onslaught of that country's Communist ravagers. But, as

the pathetic example of Pasternak shows, Russia's national life is now reduced to that of tragically isolated figures who can still draw strength from the past and tenuous contacts with the free world. If Communism should ever extend its rule over the areas of the world where reason, truth, and life's meaning have still public standing, that last support would go, too.

IT WAS NECESSARY to dwell at some length on the destructive character of Communism, inasmuch as this is the factor most grossly neglected in the neutralist assessment of our situation. The neutralist argument, in stressing exclusively the unprecedented destructiveness of nuclear war, is either dishonest or ignorant. One must charge it with dishonesty when it insists, in the name of realism, on the *worst* possible estimate of both the likelihood and the anticipated results of a nuclear war, and at the same time uses the most *optimistic* estimate of the anticipated duration and consequences of Communist world rule.

If it makes sense—and it does, of course, make some sense—to base one's strategy on the most pessimistic prognosis of future contingencies, then intellectual honesty demands that this method be applied both to potential nuclear war *and* to potential Communist world control. It simply will not do to argue that any arms race inevitably must lead to war, that any future war must needs turn into all-out use of mass destructive weapons, and that any large-scale use of nuclear bombs will surely bring about the end of the human race; and to present the alternative as a bare possibility that Communists might extend their rule beyond their present empire—which rule, if they did extend it, would probably not be of long duration, and would at any rate amount to no more than a strongly uncongenial way of running a society. This is playing with stacked cards. Let us leave

aside the question whether the stacking is deliberate or a mere unconscious movement of a frightened mind. Deliberate or not, this kind of arguing is inadmissible.

There is, however, the possibility that the neutralist argument may stem from simple ignorance—ignorance either of the nature of Communism, or else of the significance of political order in the life of man. Ignorance of Communism, mainly in known facts about it, is widespread and results from either incapacity or unwillingness to accept the evidence, insofar as the evidence belies one's own cherished assumptions.

Human beings are prone to exclaim "This can't happen to me!" at the very moment when it *is* happening to them. Faced with facts, many yet refused to grasp that something like Nazism was possible in a civilized country. Hitler himself barred from his mind the truth about the course of the war in Russia. Something like this deliberate exclusion of facts, because of conflict with pre-conceived ideas, prevails in Western cognizance of Communism. The Communist mentality is so alien, so frightening, so far from our wonted image of humanity, that we tend to misread the evidence in order to preserve our familiar assumptions. The result is, indeed, profound ignorance of Communism in the midst of the fullest factual information.

In addition, our civilization suffers from a more profound ignorance of the true meaning of political order. Too many among us look upon political order as a mere utility, possibly even no more than a necessary nuisance, a dirty and meaningless game of prestige and power which, apart from its capacity to interfere with persons and property, has no bearing on the realization of man's moral existence. The good life, morality, character, happiness—all this is supposedly comprised wholly in the private sphere, where its re-

alization is allegedly possible quite independently of whatever public order may prevail.

We seem incapable of remembering the truth that man's nature requires the relation with others in a public order to be complete; that man's education occurs mainly through the influence of all kinds of public institutions on his habits, goals, ideas, expectations; that the public order reflects in its underlying assumptions fundamental ideas about God, nature, life, and death; that conflicts in the system of public beliefs are apt to reduce people to neurotic helplessness; and that doubtful public authority tends to beget intellectual chaos.

It is the latter kind of ignorance that explains much of the way in which the neutralists' argument is set up. The neutralists, for instance, oppose the "finality" of atomic destruction to the "temporary" evil of Communist rule. "Final" and "temporary" in what sense? The Nazi regime—which, incidentally, was ended only by defeat in a world war—was by virtue of its defeat "temporary," as far as the world is concerned. With respect to the history of Germany, however, that kind of statement is already of doubtful validity, and it is wholly out of place when it comes to the lives of individual people. For all those who committed their being to the Nazis' evil works, there can be no question that the Nazi rule was final: final choice, final destiny, final loss. Individual people are ultimate realities, compared with which such concepts as "Germany," "Western civilization," and "mankind" are progressively meaningless abstractions. For individual people, a system of government is the framework within which their lives are lived, and if the framework is evil, this evil guidance through life is for them as final as anything that can happen to them on this earth—certainly far, far more "final" than a mere hour of destruction that may

bring about their violent death.

In another instance, the neutralists contrast the choice of "race suicide" with that of the "continued existence of mankind." But one wonders in what sense choosing the risk of an atomic war can be called "suicide"; and the deliberate abandonment of the convictions underlying our public order to an evil system can deserve to be called "continued existence"? Supposedly all of us, including neutralists, assume that man is not just a physical but also a spiritual being, that he lives "not by bread alone," that he has a soul, that he can be destroyed not only in his body but also in his *psyche*, and that he can bring about himself either kind of destruction. Deliberate and knowing betrayal of his deepest convictions for the sake of bodily safety is surely one of the ways in which a man can break his own backbone for ever.

In the same way, a nation can commit moral suicide. But there is a difference: while individual persons can be redeemed from the finality of their self-destruction by a return to repentance and the grace of forgiveness, a society which delivers up its spiritual foundations to save itself from danger has no such recovery. Partial goods, of course, are sacrificed to greater goods in the daily decisions of every community. These compromises, however, occur within the more fundamental framework of the entire order, which as such remains untouched. But when this order as a whole is surrendered to another public system—an evil system at that—the backbone of common life has been broken. There is no restoring what has thus been killed. After a public betrayal, there is no "continued existence" if this term connotes meaningful human life. The official abandonment of public beliefs is as surely an act of suicide as a person's leap from a cliff.

IN LESSING'S FABLE, a man running from a

lion in a desert falls into a well. He manages to grab a bush rooting in the wall, which holds him suspended halfway down. Beneath him, he discovers the yawning jaws of a crocodile. Above him, the hungry lion roars to devour him.

We, too, find ourselves suspended in fear midway between two terrifying prospects. Unlike the man in the fable, though, we must decide, for purposes of action, which danger holds the lesser evil. So far, we have tended to appraise the two dangers through calculations of the future, trying to foresee which of the two would be less fast, full, or final. We have not advanced far by this kind of discussion, mainly because we have sought to score points by bending and twisting our projections so as to justify our underlying wishes. The discussion should be shifted to a different ground: the ground of moral evaluation of actions in the context of the present. This is the only ground on which we, within the limitations of human finiteness, can feel reasonably sure.

It is a genuine dichotomy that confronts us. Two roads are available, and in refusing to take the one we have already chosen the other. The names of the two are *risk* and *betrayal*.

Communism, a world-destroying movement, has aggressively spread its might over many peoples, countries, and resources, and has now equipped itself with the most formidable armaments including atomic weapons. Its system of government has been designed as a frightfully destructive instrument of combat, capable of reducing men not merely to acquiescence but complicity in Communism's hostile undertakings. The Communist regime is wholly based on the proposition that there is no God. As our society, and that of all other free peoples, rests squarely on the certainty that there is a God, their system must say No to everything ours affirms. Hence their

regime is meant as a total physical and spiritual alternative to ours, and to every other non-Communist society.

Any decision implying an ultimate surrender to Communist rule therefore joins with the Communists in saying a fundamental No to every truth we hold. It implies the ultimate assent to godlessness as the constitutive principle of society, the condonement of government by terror and deceit, acceptance of the destruction of our public order under the rule of the Communist Combat Party. This kind of decision, if we appraise it in the context of the present, cannot be called anything less than a betrayal, a wholesale betrayal of everything to which in the present our loyalties belong.

Since the emergence of Communism as a world power, we have been resisting it with armed strength, seeking to maintain an edge over Communist armaments in the field of atomic weapons and their delivery system. In that field, our resistance has been tantamount to an arms race. Dynamic competition in armaments has in the past frequently lead to war. Regardless of how unprecedented a race in "absolute" weaponry may be, nobody should deny that war may result therefrom. At the same time, nobody should claim any foreknowledge of how probable war is when both sides have the capability totally to destroy each other. War, then, may indeed break out, atomic weapons may be used—although again nobody can say on what scale and with what cumulative effect—and cities or even countries may be entirely devastated.

Unlike Communist rule, however, atomic war is *not yet* here. No statesmen is committed to it. Communists and non-Communists alike fear it. No effective defenses against it have been constructed on either side. Hence, as the arms race continues, leaders on both sides may or, indeed, may not decide on war; they may, or may not,

proceed to use the biggest bombs in case of war; they may, or may not, spread devastation over entire countries.

In other words, between a possible atomic war and a present decision to maintain atomic armaments there is an independent and incalculable factor: the decision of human wills as yet uncommitted. A present decision to prefer the dangers of an arms race to Communist rule implies, therefore, no deliberate choice for war. Taken entirely in the context of the present, this decision amounts to no more than the acceptance of a risk.

Any risk posits, of course, the chance of a worst possible outcome. Acceptance of the risk is tempered, however, by the present certainty that the "worst has not yet, and may never, come to the worst."

Deciding for resistance to Communism based on fully armed strength is therefore not tantamount to abandoning the will to peace. It does contain, as part of the consideration, a conditioned assent to the possibility of atomic destruction, but in the context of the present this is no assent to evil, precisely because the evil has not yet become a reality here and now.

One of these two roads we are constrained to walk. Can there be any doubt which of the two implies the "lesser evil"? One requires deliberate assent to a present evil in order to avert a possible future one. The other calls for resistance to an evil present and known, at the price of contingent acceptance of future disaster. Our choice is between risk and betrayal. The lesser *evil* of these is risk.

The International Role of Art in Revolutionary Times

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

What is lost in the "modern" is not Romantic, nor the Classic, but the Eternal.

IN TIMES of revolutionary change, art has a role of special importance easily overlooked even by the artist himself, a role which calls for a shaking-out of our current views of the nature of art. In broad terms, art is not a copying of the world, nor yet a fantasia on its themes, but a quiet remaking of the world, likely to conceal its proud power under the guise of free fancy.

Art is many things at once: labor and play, the element of aspiration built into utility, of form built into function, of infinitude built into the finite, of the beyond-self built into the living selfhood of things—not as extraneous decor but as the fulfillment of their being. Art is the liveliness of life discerned within the mere factuality of life, lending to those facts the assurance of their meaning. Considering the given situation as the taskmaster we are bound to obey, art is the second mile ("go with him twain") we deliberately add to the mile we are compelled to go—the mile freely added not as a boast, but as a promise of a futuri-

ty in command of circumstances, not their servant.

It is the glory of man's spirit that in the midst of misery and confusion and revolt, art lifts its head, not to deny the evil but to share it; and not alone to report the misery, nor yet to denounce or escape it, but to transfigure it. An art that merely reports or re-enacts the human load of footlessness, dismay, or despair—as what we call modern art tends to do—may be a loyal art, refusing romantic honors to the headless powers of the time. But stopping at that point, it risks becoming itself *a headless art*, refusing to enter on the uniquely responsible function of creation—that element of world-shaping purpose which silently pervades even the care-free play of human imagination, by virtue of a "depth-psychology" mistraced by Freud.

For the true artist, the world always begins at the moment of his work. Art is the infinitely recurring rebirth of life through the free man's dream, and of the world, through life.

Art begins in something less than art, perhaps simply in the animal caper that proclaims caprice, the flourish of limb or voice that turns into dance or song—but always the more-than-necessary, and always with

a subconscious tribute to life running deeper than the play. From the beginning the steps of civilization have been marked by the signs of joy-in-form with which man has lingered over his most compulsory labors, as if to extract from them their tribute to his freedom.

That there is a strand of economic determinism in history no one need doubt: human life is inserted among necessities as tree-roots among stones. But it is the tree, not the stone, that shapes the foliage and the flower: it is humanity, not economy, that dwells on "finishing" its tools and weapons with painstaking ornament, and lends the note of design to its hard-wrought shelters as well as to palace, presidium, temple, and tomb.

Hence it is that the most open book to the soul of a people is the element of "style" in its living quarters, its settlement-planning, its architecture.

Man climbs out of barbarism by way of an accepted dominance signalized in some outstanding structure expressive of "rule" but at the same time of a common desire for unity and joy-in-order. Even underneath the grueling compulsions that built tower and pyramid for the despot, there grew a sense which the despot could neither give nor take away—a sense that "This is ours, not his alone": the finished work became a point of community pride, a tribute not to him but to the human spirit.

When civilization arrives at a nation of free men, the formal centrality in community-planning is not expunged—there is a town hall and a steeple in the New England village. But there is also the homestead. Privacy, as home-right, is built into home-art: not everyone can enter everywhere and always; there is an institution, the "invitation": and this moral factor of controlled association calls on art to embody itself, as in the swinging door, the "yard," the private garden, the hedge or fence, the side-

walk. . . Leaping forward into new East Asia, free Vietnam seeking to embody in property its conception of individual dignity, hopes to secure to every family its "basic economy," its own house and lot! The task of art here becomes formidable, as industrialism looms ahead, and with it, the apartment house: can its advent be postponed, or can the apartment be subdued to the needs of the human spirit? Miss Ehrenfest tried it in Russia.

It is precisely the Industrial Revolution which most clearly illustrates the power of the human will-to-form as lying beyond "function." Feudal and post-feudal Europe, inheriting Classical motifs in architecture and city-design, rework them into a "Western" visual language for the new-built cities. The Industrial Revolution came as a triumph of mechanism and at the same time as a defeat of human solidarity. Nothing more effectively damned its early character than the "satanic mills," the deadening identity of living quarters in the mill-towns, and the accompanying murder of landscape beauty in Wales, England, Belgium. The industrial economies of today have profited by the lesson. Industry in America has long since begun to exercise a decent concern for human dignity in the homes of its workers, as well as in its sites and factory-design. Not yet a high achievement (though Joseph Pennell found occasional themes for pictorial art in factory scenes), but a distinct step out of the temper of exploit, a step signalized by a stroke of conscience, as in the ill-fated town of Pullman (1884), intended as an ideal workers' community.

The distinctive spirit of our capitalist civilization, however, expresses (and confesses) itself less in the actual areas of production than in its great office-centers. Something of the dominance of business in America may be gathered from the skyline of New York, not untouched by grace and

beauty in its older structures, expressive of a pride-of-power willing at once to outrank and to protect the libraries, churches, colleges, the Town Hall, the Metropolitan Museum . . . which cherish a quieter dignity in the shadow of the skyscrapers.

It is a magnificent skyline; and one wonders what would become of it if the varied peaks of those great towers were replaced by squared-off ends like that of the bleak box-housing of the U.N. Secretariat. The notable thing about present American experiments in architecture under the influence of Functionalism and the *Bauhaus*, is that their "monotonous repetition of cellular façades cloaked with vitreous indifference"—if it expresses any social spirit whatever—is far more symbolic of a *communist* ideal all-alikeness than of a society prizing personality and individual difference!

On the other hand, when the Soviets wish to set up an impressive building, they do not hesitate to borrow architectural themes from classic Europe, as the new university in Moscow may witness. Each pays the other involuntary homage!

The Functionalist commonly forgets the most widely used function of a building. He rightly thinks of the functions of the insiders, the occupants, daily users of the internal spaces. If these are numbered by the hundreds, what of those who daily have to *see* the building, numbered often by the thousands? For them, the structure has a further function which neither it nor they can escape: it must visibly indicate its *raison d'être* in that place and among those surroundings, its role in the community. It must do this by way of the silent speech of form and symbol. It has no right either to the idle luxury of saying nothing (as if, like a movable cracker-box, it could *be*, without being a *member* of any specific environment), or by strident egoism of design crying "Look at me and forget all else."

Hence it is that a competent observer like Sir Albert Richardson, former president of the Royal Academy (whose words I have above quoted), could say that while "fifty years ago America led the world . . . in civic art . . . the present state of architecture in the United States, and indeed throughout the world, reveals soulful despair." Sir Albert believes this guideless period destined to pass.¹

There are indeed reasons for considering it a temporary phase. Present novelties in skeletal styling and geometrical virtuosity are due in part to developments in engineering and in available materials whose notable capacities have rightly stimulated large-scale experimentation, with natural temptations to extravagance of conception (as in cantilever-projections intended to startle, or spiral ramps expanding skyward). The misfortune is that astonishment is a fading emotion, essentially barren. It is precisely the engineering precocity of these structures, and their admirable durability, that ensures a long toll of public suffering under their defiance of responsible community membership and meaning.

But in this defiance, which is also partly "despair," architecture is not alone. It is but one illustration of a laming common to all contemporary arts, defeating their world-service at a moment of the world's greatest need. We must enlarge our enquiry into the sources of this laming.

I RAISE THE question whether the present phase in all the fine arts inclining to assume the label "modern"—including music, poetry, fiction, and the graphic arts, together with drama and the screen—is not in the main a departure, especially in U.S.A., from the sound instinct of the nation. And at the same time, whether it is not a *natural* departure, whose motive can be understood and thereby put on the way to remedy.

Is it not due essentially to an impression of failure in the fundamental assumptions of our civilization, a failure so radical as to require shaking off all prepossessions and conventions in order to renew one's sense of being, from which alone the work of art can be initiated? The world-turmoil cannot fail to bring with it so wide a loss of order and predictable circumstance that no art can today bear to speak simply in terms of beauty or affirmation. Art must find human experience where it is: in an era of hardness, art must speak for the hard. In sympathy for confusion, modern art must echo confusion. It thus assumes the first half of the artist's task, that of knowing the burden, in order to prepare for the second half—that of lifting the burden. Has "modern" art perhaps simply failed to reach its second half?

As of today, all human life stands in the shadow of the cruel and the meaningless. The quest for sense in the world-process encounters a blank factuality nowhere better expressed than in the work of Sartre and Camus: it is, they report, "The Absurd" in which human existence is set. Man is subjected to the pressure of a faceless universe, silent as to his Whence or Whither. If he feigns to hear voices from within, they can be the voices only of arbitrary powers, tempting him to equally arbitrary treatment of his fellows, whether through exploit, or war. Whereas for those who hear no voices, believe no gods, and yet refuse exploit, revolution promising violent relief proves deceptive, driven as it is to replace tyranny by tyranny. Camus rejects faith, and equally rejects Nihilism: he rejects revolution and equally rejects exploit; for he has a new answer to the exploiter—a personal revolt, which asserts equality with the tyrant and restores the solidarity of mutual respect. But how can the spirit of personal revolt become a world-force able to curb or dominate the "collective

passions" driving mankind to desperate action? Here Camus sees the authentic function of art, the sole available curative agency that can reach the minds of men with a speed and on a scale commensurate with that of the ills that menace them. In his great work, *The Rebel*, he asserts the mission of art to be addressed to the present world malady—nothing less.

"When the passions of the time put the fate of the whole world at stake, creation (the function of art) wishes (and is called upon) to dominate the whole of destiny."

This analysis might seem a pure extravagance, were we not witnesses in our own day of the instantaneous uniting force, across the deepest chasms of "collective passion," of a notable musical event in Moscow, or of a ballet, or of a literary masterpiece, or for that matter of the art-element in the near-universal devotion of scientists to the community of truth, as in the Geophysical Year—itself a form of the creative passion invoked by Camus.

To generalize his meaning, let us say that the mission of art is the *Redemption of the Absurd*, overcoming the irrational brute-fact-aspect of existence, not by legality nor by other-worldly hopes, but by the immediate attraction of a vision of human nobility in creating solidarity. The mission of art is to evoke images that universally persuade, and thus create the will to unite.

The power of art in the political arena has never been more highly rated, unless by Plato, who paid the poets of his day the oblique compliment of wishing to exclude them from his ideal Republic, or by Confucius, who declared of the music of his day that there were sounds that dispose men to fair conduct and others that dispose them to disorder: both recognized that there is such a thing as bad art, which can undo the best work of lawmakers. Tolstoi, the artist, would excommunicate art: and the socialists from Saint-Simon onward

sought to control art in the interest of social progress. This sense of danger is an admission of its power. But Camus sees clearly that while art, for every reformer, is on trial, it can only exist as free, never as the instrument of a specific polity or diplomacy. As the voice of human hope, art precedes diplomacy, and makes it possible.

It is Friedrich Schiller who most clearly sees art in its historic efficiency. In his *Letters on Aesthetic Education*, he comments on what he considered the failure of the French Revolution.³ Writing in 1793, all he could see of the outcome of 1789 was that a great attempt to gain Liberty and Fraternity had resulted in a new barbarity and terrorism (as if anticipating Camus' judgment on revolution as fated to beget a new tyranny). Schiller took definite issue with Kant's prescription, namely, to "subordinate the senses," the natural impulses and passions, to reason and law, as an ideal Napoleon might have done, and as the actual Napoleon hoped to do while serving his own ambition. As Schiller saw, "subordination" is not the word. For civilization is not a subduing of impulse: it is a *harmonizing of impulse and reason*. This harmony, he held, is the precise achievement of art: art alone can educate mankind, for only art can act on feelings directly.

Schiller and Camus see art in its most complete scope. To educate is even more than to cure discord; though the curing Camus calls for is perhaps the severer task. For both, the question arises, who or what will educate the artists?

For while this heavy leaning on art for the civilizing and healing movements of history does not rate art too high it does make art *unduly self-sufficient*.

It is wholly right in holding cultural advance to be due to a force of attraction, not solely to compulsion such as economic necessity: the pull and the push commonly act together. But the pull, the prefigured

goal of the striving intrinsic to human life, is not a creature of the artist's imagination: it is first of all a trait of reality present in experience to all men, felt by the artist as member of the race, and hence incorporated by him in symbols he could know to be universal.

For the reality we immediately feel is not blank "sensation:" it is also *incentive*. Let me venture—as an essay in "depth psychology"—to describe your nuclear awareness of being: there is a life-pulse, a biological directive like Bergson's *élan vital*; but more than that; more, too, than Whitehead's primordial "lure" (so akin to that *ewig Weibliche* of Goethe which "draws us onward"). There is at once a persuasion and a summons, a promise and a task, a sense of destiny and a duty: if you like, a female and a male element, a Yin and a Yang. The Chinese have a remarkable name for it, *Ming*, the "Appointment of Heaven." *Art is a response to the incentive of this reality as directly felt*.

What Schiller and Camus alike neglect is the truth that art is derivative—a response rather than pure origination. It is a creative response, because its proposal is clothed in imagery devised by the artist. Art, let us say, is a creative response to a felt purposive factor in the world-process as always present.

If, as I put the matter many years ago, religion is the "Mother of the arts,"⁴ we can understand the historical circumstance that the arts are the first language of religion: myth and song, drama and dance, temple and tomb, sculpture and painting, yes, and the primitive laws and sciences as well . . . all appear first as attendants upon the world spirits, and only later fight their way to independence and maturity. And in many ways, the arts remain the most natural, freest, least dogmatic expressions of faith. The poetry of the world not only precedes its philosophy but in many ways re-

mains the most vital expression of our metaphysical sense.

Art must always be free to play, partly because the real demands the widest variety of imagery for its full truth: one might almost venture the paradox that the play of art is too serious for the superficialities of analysis. What Rilke said of his early master, Rodin, touches the essential purport of art: "For him, making a portrait meant seeking eternity in a face, that fragment of the eternal with which that person took part in the great process of eternal things . . . an effort at holding the ultimate court of justice!" And the beginning of *doing* justice, man's creative task adding to the creative work of the world-power.

It may seem at first sight an inversion of the true functions to define the province of art as a type of *justice* ulterior to that of the courts. Yet consider a work like Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, or—to leap into the present moment—like Cozzens' *The Just and the Unjust*. The Greek tragedy was at once play and judgment on the human situation. But come directly to the essential point; consider the words of the ancient story of the woman taken in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee"—the story itself a work of art, whatever its relation to actual happening: the mind of the race continues to be stirred by it to a deeper justice, because touching a more germinal level of reality-in-the-moral-life. It is, in brief, the region in which art and religion refuse separation: together they carry philosophy nearer to its goal.

And to see this as the great opportunity in our day of fiction, the drama, the screen, is to groan over the waste, whether of the writers or the critics, spending themselves on the trivia of sophisticated psychology. They are misled, no doubt, by the two prevalent learned superstitions of our time—buzzing close to truth—the Freudian unconscious, and the Existentialist being-

without-essence. The impact of *Dr. Zhivago* should open their eyes to the fact that art is an act of attempted justice, and in its responsible exercise stirs the ultimate issues even when it cannot decide them. Stirs the statesman as well!

It becomes clear that the apparent irrelevance of art to the fateful decisions in public affairs is deceptive. For policy must win response from the faiths of a people; and the faiths rest on what they intuitively trust to, as the ruling powers of history. If Charles Malik, president of U.N. Assembly, is right in saying that "the Western mind has . . . been softened and undermined from within and without . . . losing faith in itself . . . seeking other gods than those which have so faithfully protected and nurtured it" . . . and that "the deepest thing at stake is its faith in its values and its ability to justify and defend them" . . . the fault is not solely in our thinking: it is in our seeing and our feeling, in the groping incertitude which, shared by the artist, he, the artist, is unable to correct.

But let us be clear that the fault is not in his "modernism," nor the cure in reversion to an earlier era, whether of style, or of faith. What is lost in the "modern" is not the certitudes of yesterday, not the Romantic, nor the Classic, but the Eternal. It is the peculiar advantage of art, that surrendering the exactitudes of science and the fixities of theology for the elastic imagery of metaphor and myth, it is able through its localisms and its periods to *mean* the changeless and universal. It is the undefined identity of all the faiths. It is, as Plotinus says of beauty, "recognized by the soul as something long familiar, arresting and beckoning"—a tie to the timeless, a tie without bonds. It is for this reason that "works of art" never lose their speech. It is not yesterday that is better than today; it is vision and truth that are better than blindness and pretence.

HOWEVER WE define it, the world function of art is momentous, and the more fateful, because its power can only be exercised in responsible freedom. A dictated art loses at once the magic of universality. This does not mean that art has no discipline of its own, and that unbridled frivolity can hold the secret of the artist's sway. That secret is lost the moment the artist identifies his whim with his message; it is lost to any public which—as the U.S.A. now tends to do—allies its arts primarily with holiday-from-sobriety, escape, loose-ends.

Play indeed it must be, in the sense of passing beyond necessity, doing what no one could compel it to perform, bearing a fruit of superabundance. Like grace and beauty of body, art is the more-than-required, yielded by the human vital-over-flow.

But just on this account, it emerges from the secret places of generic piety: the reverse of Riot, Fling, Drip, Abandon. And to grasp even partially the magnitude of the import of art for the human advance, and for the crux of history today, is to see the abysmal treason of an art which reverses the direction of its function, and instead of redeeming the Absurd in human destiny, steepes the soul in Absurdity, as by a deliberate suicide.

There is valid reason for a wide experimentalism in art, and for an abstraction which—like five-finger exercises—plays among the analytical factors of form. There is valid reason also for a subjectivism which turns the thought of the artist—partly—away from the object to the inner impulse, provided that in expressing his feeling he does not forget that art has to be a language intelligible—without excessive puzzlement—to mankind at large.

There is always valid reason for rebellion against purely conventional limitations of theme and style and symbol, assuming that the rebel is not simply trying to cover,

and thus confessing, his own poverty of resource. It has been said, for example, that "in our century, western music has turned to Asia and Africa to save itself from rhythmic and melodic stagnation."⁵ When I think of Ravel and Sibelius, yes and even of Elgar and Grieg, I doubt the crisis of impoverishment; but I am sure that there are opening to us wide fields of new resource in the interplay of systems of music long developed in isolation. When Constant Lambert notes the difference between "the modal tunes of European Russia and the chromatic tunes of Eastern Russia," he pays tribute to an Oriental influence which has riches to offer; and such riches are surely more significant than can be found in vacuous tonal drift or non-peaceful competition in cacophony and "barbaric yawp."

A responsible experimentalism has endless promise—responsible to the world-function of a deeper justice. An irresponsible experimentalism—tolerable in lighter times as exploration of the sportive end of the wide spectrum—may in the present human pass amount to the potential betrayal of a tacit trust. For the peoples—all of them—must look to their artists—not for policies, programs, doctrines—but for their most immediate rapport with the moving energy of the world, the *feel* of its purposive drive and meaning. Through an art adult to its calling, they may sense that hidden glory, beneath the forbidding mask of Fact, wherein the discords of the nations are, in the "anticipated attainments" of the spirit, already resolved.

¹Letter to *New York Times*, March 1, 1959.

²*The Rebel*, tr. Anthony Bower (New York: Vintage Books, 1954), p. 274f.

³Cf. Walter Grossmann, "The Idea of Cultural Evolution in Schiller's Aesthetic Education," *The Germanic Review*, Feb. 1959.

⁴*The Meaning of God in Human Experience* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1912), pp. 13-26.

⁵Fred Grunfeld, in *The Reporter*, April 30, 1959.

From 1760 to 1826 two civilized men lived and to a considerable extent reigned in America.

The Jefferson-Adams Letters as a Shrine and a Monument

EZRA POUND

OUR NATIONAL LIFE might, at least provisionally, be divided into four periods:

1. American civilization, 1760 to 1830.

2. The period of thinning, of mental impoverishment, scission between life of the mind and life of the nation, say 1830 to 1860.

3. The period of despair, civil war as hiatus, 1870 to 1930. The division between the temper, thickness, richness of the mental life of Henry Adams, and Henry James, and that of say U. S. Grant, McKinley, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

4. The possibilities of revival, starting perhaps with a valorization of our cultural heritage, not merely as something lost in dim retrospect, a tombstone, tastily carved, whereon to shed dry tears or upon which to lay a few withered violets, in the manner of, let us say, the late Henry (aforementioned) Adams. The query being: should we lose or go on losing our own revolution (of 1776-1830) by whoring after exotics, Muscovite or European?

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"As monument" or I should prefer to say as a still workable dynamo, left us from the real period, nothing surpasses the Jefferson correspondence. Or to reduce it to convenient bulk concentrating on the best of it, and its fullest implications, nothing surpasses the evidence that CIVILIZATION WAS in America, than the series of letters exchanged between Jefferson and John Adams, during the decade of reconciliation after their disagreements.

It is probable that I could pick one crow a week with the American university system "for the rest of my natural," but two immediate crows are quite obvious, one with the modus of teaching history omitting the most significant documents, and second the mode of teaching literature and/or "American literature," omitting the most significant documents, and assuming that the life of a nation's letters is restricted mostly to second-rate fiction.

From 1760 to 1826 two civilized men lived and to a considerable extent reigned in America. They did not feel themselves isolated phenomena. They were not by any means shrunk into a clique or dependent on

mutual admiration, or on clique estimation. They both wrote an excellent prose which has not, so far as I know, been surpassed in our fatherland, though Henry James had a style of his own (narrative) which was fit for a different purpose.

For the purpose and/or duration of this essay I shall define a civilized man as one who can give a serious answer to a serious question and whose circle of mental reference is not limited to mere acquisition of profit. The degree of his civilization will depend both on the depth of his thought and on the spread of his curiosity. He may have made absolutely no special study of anything outside his profession, but his thoughts on that profession will have been such that his thoughts about anything else will not be completely inane.

In 170 years the United States have at no time contained a more civilized "world" than that comprised by the men to whom Adams and Jefferson wrote and from whom they received private correspondence. A history of American Literature that omits the letters of the founders and memoirs or diaries of J. Q. Adams and Martin Van Buren is merely nonsense. Without competence in matters pertaining to Benjamin Franklin, I should nevertheless hazard the opinion that his public writing will be found slithery and perhaps cheap in comparison. He had not integrity of the word. At least on occasions it deserted him.

From early "bending of the twig" it is impossible for me to think of certain books save as parts of curricula. Certain books should not be in curricula. Other books belong in curricula. The Adams-Jefferson writings ought to be in curricula.

IF WE ARE A NATION, we must have a national mind. Frobenius escaped both the fiddling term "culture" and rigid "Kultur" by recourse to greek, he used "Paideuma" with a meaning that is necessary to almost

all serious discussion of such subjects as that now under discussion. His "Paideuma" means the mental formation, the inherited habits of thought, the conditionings, aptitudes of a given race or time.

In Italy there is current the adjective "anti-storico" to describe unlikely proposals; ideologies hung in a vacuum or contrary to the natural order of events as conditioned by race, time and geography.

Without Frobenius north of the Alps and the mediterranean sanity south of them our thoughts would, I heartily believe, lack some of its pleasantest pastures.

As Americans we are neither Teutonic nor in any strict sense Mediterranean, though we should be fools to neglect either element of private nutrition.

As far as I remember U.S. school histories, they start with Columbus and/or in another sense with the Pilgrims. None of them starts with the Encyclopedists. Is the term heard even by University Undergraduates?

Our national culture can be perhaps better defined from the Jefferson letters than from any other three sources, and mainly to its benefice. I don't think they have been analyzed very clearly in themselves, and I am not sure that anyone has tried very coherently to relate them to anything else.

No one has thought them perfection. Jefferson has been abused as an incredible optimist. I am not going to concede much to these possible accusations.

Henry Adams with a familial and inherited, but very very discrete chip on his somewhat feminine shoulder lacked, on his own implicit, but never explicit confession, the one quality needful for judging action. Adams never guessed right. Take him in London during his father's embassy. He never foresaw.

It was not for nothing that Quincy Adams took up astrology, not anthropology. The discrete descendent wanted a science,

almost a mathematic science of history—overlooking, or does he specifically say he didn't overlook, the impossibility of laboratory methods. Take it that he saw the shallowness of historic aimlessness in his time, his first urge is to rectify it by mathematical measurement. And thereby he loses the chance of examining a great many phenomena which were and still are available for any patient man's contemplation.

I am not leaving my subject. You can not "place" the Jefferson correspondence save by postulating some axes of reference, and by some defined method of mensuration.

Frobenius outrages the English because he agrees with Aquinas that nothing is without efficient cause.

Before trying to establish type-cycles and accelerated rhythms in history it is advisable to gather at least a few data, and if the urge towards rhythmic analysis obsesses one, it might even be possible to study certain recurrences.

Nevertheless the Flaubertian concept of "Histoire morale contemporaine" arose not from mathematics but from a perception of paucity. A perception of the paucity registered in historians, the shallowness of their analysis of motivation, their inadequate measurements of causality.

Stendhal, Michelet, Flaubert, the Goncourts differ as individuals, but they were all of them on a trail, they wanted to set down an intelligible record of life in which things happened.

The mere statement that so and so made a war, or so and so reformed or extended an empire is much too much in the vague.

Frobenius taking things back to supposedly "simpler" conditions does try to sort out tendencies and predispositions. He dissociates modes of living. There are twenty volumes waiting translation. The patient reader must allow me to have them there as possible footnote; permitting me for a moment an anthropologist's dissociation of two

systems which have functioned in Europe. Without which dissociation one can not "place" the Encyclopedists or "come to Jefferson," save as isolated phenomenon sprung versatile, voluble, out of chaos. Polumetis, many-minded, distracting, discussable, but minus origins.

A MEDITERRANEAN STATE of mind, state of intelligence, *modus* of order "arose" out of Sparta perhaps more than from Athens, it developed a system of graduations, an hierarchy of values among which was, perhaps above all other, "order." As a mental and intellectual filing system it certainly did not fall with Romulus Augustulus in A.D. 476.

In fact the earlier parts of it we know almost as palimpsest. We begin to find it in Constantine, after A.D. 300, and we can carry on via Justinian, after 500, Charlemagne, Gratian, in St. Ambrose, and Duns Scotus. This, you see, is by no means confusing a *paideuma* or mental growth with an empire, such as Propertius debunked under Augustus, slitting out its blah and its rhetoric. Say that this civilization lasted down to Leo the Tenth. And that its clearest formulation (along my present line of measurement) is Dante's "in una parte piu e meno altrove."

Which detached phrase I had best translate by explaining that I take it to mean *a sense of gradations*. Things neither perfect nor utterly wrong, but arranged in a cosmos, an order, stratified, having relations one with another.

This means "the money that built the cathedrals," it means very great care in terminology because the "word" is "holy."

I will take these last terms out of any possible jargon. Translate it, for present emergency, words, an exact terminology, are an effective means of communication, an efficient *modus operandi* ONLY if they do retain meanings.

This Mediterranean *paideuma* fell be-

fore, or coincident with, the onslaught of brute disorder of taboo. The grossness of incult thought came into Europe simultaneously with manifestations called "renaissance," "restoration" and muddled in our time with a good deal of newspaper yawp about puritans.

Certain things were "forbidden." Specifically, on parchment, they were forbidden to Hebrews. The bible emerged and broke the Church Fathers, who had for centuries quoted the bible. All sense of fine assay seemed to decline in Europe.

A whole table of values was lost, but it wasn't just dropped overboard. A confusion which has lasted for several centuries will not be wholly untangled even by this essay. I don't expect to get 500 years onto a shingle.

Lorenzo Valla extended, in one sense, the propaganda for the RIGHT WORD, but at the same time the cult of terminology lost its grip on general life.

Bayle and Voltaire spent their lives battling against "superstition," and something escaped them. The process of impoverishment had set in, analogous in long curve, to the short curve I have given for America 1830 to 60. There are no exact historical parallels. I don't want to be held to strict analogy. For the moment all I can do is to *dissociate* a graduated concept of say good and evil from an incult and gross paideuma. The former created by a series of men following one on another, not neglecting original examination of fact, but not thinking each one in turn that the moon and sea were discovered first by him.

Anybody who has read a labour paper, or reform party propaganda will grasp what I mean by the second crass mode of mentality.

There can be no doubt that the renaissance was born of wide awake curiosity, and that from Italy in the Quattrocento, straight down through Bayle and Voltaire

the LIVE men were actuated by a new urge toward veracity.

There can I think, be equally little doubt, that the Church, as bureaucracy and as vested interest was the worst enemy of "faith," of "christianity," of mental order? And yet that doesn't quite cover it either.

Something did *not* hit plumb on the nail. Without saying that anyone was dead wrong, and without committing me to a statement, can we find some sort of split, some scission or lesion in the mental working of Europe? Didn't the mental integrity of the Encyclopedists dwindle into bare intellect by dropping that ETHICAL simplicity which makes the canonists, say any canonist so much more "modern," more scientific, than any 18th century "intellectual"?

ALL I WANT to do for the moment is to set up two poles of reference. One: a graduated system in which all actions were relative good or evil, according to almost millimetric measurement, but in the absolute. Two, a system in which everything was good or bad without any graduation, but as taboo, though the system itself was continually modified in action by contingencies.

When this second system emerged from low life into high life, when it took over vast stretches of already acquired knowledge, it produced the Encyclopedists. Things were so or not so. You had "Candide," you had writers of maxims, you had "analysis," and you evolved into the Declaration of Les Droits de l'Homme which attained a fineness so near to that of the canonists that no one, so far as I know, has thought much of comparing them.

Out of intellectual revolt. Out of perhaps unwittingly Pico on Human Dignity there proliferated Bobby Burns and to hell with the Duke and the parson . . .

At which point the elder Adams had the puritanical stubbornness to stand up against popular clamour and to question

the omniscience of Mr. Jefferson. It cost him four years in the Executive Mansion. But America was a civilized land in those days. Jefferson could imagine no man leaving it for the pleasures of Europe. He and Adams had been there and met Europeans.

IT IS ONLY IN OUR time that anyone has, with any shadow of right, questioned the presuppositions on which the U.S. is founded. If we are off that base, why are we off it? Jefferson's America was civilized while and/or because its chief men were social. It is only in our gormy and squalid day that the chief American powers have been, and are, anti-social.

Has any public man in our lifetime dared to say without a sneer or without fear of ridicule that Liberty is the right to do "*ce que ne nuit pas aux autres*"? That was, past tense, a definition of civic and social concept. Such liberty was, at least by program guaranteed the American citizen, but no other was offered him.

Jefferson and Adams were responsible. I mean they both were and FELT responsible. *Their* equals felt with them. The oath of allegiance implies this responsibility but it isn't printed in capitals, it passes in an unheeded phrase.

TWO METHODS OF TURNING in the evidence of the Adams letters are open. I could quote fragments and thereby be inadequate. The letters are printed. Or I could assert the implications, or at least the chief implications. The MAIN implication is that they stand for a life not split into bits.

Neither of these two men would have thought of literature as something having nothing to do with life, the nation, the organization of government. Of course no first-rate author ever did think of his books in this manner. If he was lyricist, he was crushed under a system; or he was speaking of every man's life in its depth; if he

was Trollope or Flaubert he was thinking of history without the defects of generic books by historians which miss the pith and point of the story. The pith and point of Jefferson's story is in a letter to Crawford (1816) . . . "and if the national bills issued be bottomed (as is indispensable) on pledges of specific taxes for their redemption within certain and moderate epochs, and be of *proper denominations* for *circulation*, no interest on them would be necessary or just, because they would answer to every one of the purposes of the metallic money withdrawn and replaced by them."

I do not expect one reader in even 600 to believe me when I say these are eight of the most significant lines ever written.

It may take another twenty years' education to give that passage a meaning.* People quite often think me crazy when I make a jump instead of a step, just as if all jumps were unsound and never carried one anywhere.

From that take off I land on the Walter Page correspondence, one hundred or one hundred and one or two years after the Jefferson letter. Page went to Washington and found (verbatim) "men about him (Wilson) nearly all very small fry or worse, narrowest two penny lot I've ever come across. . . . never knew quite such a condition in American life."

The colouring there being that Page has a memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey. He cut no ice in European intellectual life. He earned the gratitude of the British. He and Grey passed through those years of racking anxiety, and Page was refined from a perhaps gawky provincial into a character by that anxiety, WITHOUT either of them ever having any idea of what started the war. Page saw things Wilson didn't. He had detailed news of appalling results; but even Wilson saw things that Page didn't. But Europe went blind into

*Give 'em another 20 or 40.—E. P., 1959.

that war because mankind had not digested Jefferson's knowledge. They went into that war because the canon law had been buried, because all general knowledge had been split up into useless or incompetent fragments. Because literature no longer bothered about the language "of law and of the state" because the state and plutocracy cared less than a damn about letters. If I say those eight lines of Jefferson should be cut in brass and nailed to the door of Monticello the reader will think me eccentric. Let it pass as a picturesque fantasy.

And literature in the meanwhile? Goes to p-o-t, pot. Steadily it gets duller and duller, steadily it runs into neologism in contravention to T. J.'s moderate precept of style, namely that any man has the right to a new word when it can make his meaning more clear than an old one. Literature gets duller and duller by limitation of subject. Balzac, Trollope and Henry James extended the subject. EXTENDED the subject, they as Dante before them and as every real writer before them or since, extended the domain of their treatment.

Up till 1820 people read latin. Your Jefferson-Adams correspondence shows acquaintance with latin, note the line of impoverishment. The University of today does not communicate to the student the idea of latin as a window. It instills the idea of "the classics," certain books often of very limited scope, to be read in the acquisition of culture. At some point the whole fact that Berkeley, Hume, whatever serious thought had been printed in English, came in part out of books printed in latin, has just gone by the board. If anyone had told me or any student of my undergraduate time that I would extend my greek vocabulary because I have been infuriated to a curiosity as to the nature of money they would have been greeted by (let us hope at least bland) amazement.

There is nothing more firmly rooted in

young America's mind than the belief that certain subjects are dull, there is nothing further from the spirit of American University education than the perception that subjects that have interested the best minds for three, five or twenty-five centuries are not perhaps very dull. There must have been something in them to attract recurrent unstill curiosities.

THE HISTORIC PROCESS is continuous. Or "the historic process is probably continuous." Apparent breaks are probably due to laziness of historians who haven't dug down into causality. When you find two men as different as Marx and M. le Marquis de la Tour du Pin blind in the same spot, there is a chance to use curiosity.

In an age beset with cranks we have I suppose heard of Freud. For every man with an anxiety state due to sex, there are nine and ninety with an anxiety state due to lack of purchasing power, or anticipation of same. It is typical of a bewildered society that it should erect a pathology into a system.

The sanity and civilization of Adams-Jefferson stems from the Encyclopedists. You find in their letters a varied culture, and an omniverous (or apparently so) curiosity. And yet the "thinning," the impoverishment of mental life shows in the decades after their death, and not, I think, without cause.

The Aquinian universe, the grades of divine intelligence and/or goodness or goodwill present in graduated degrees throughout this universe gave the thinker, any thinker something to measure by. What was lost or mislaid in the succeeding centuries, or what at least went out of the limelight may have been belief in "God," but it most certainly was the HABIT of thinking of things in general as set in an orderly universe.

The laws of material science presuppose

uniformity throughout the cosmos, but they do not offer an hierarchy of anything like the earlier coherence. Call it an hierarchy of evaluation.

The Encyclopedists have a rich culture. What is the *Dictionnaire de Bayle*? As an arrangement it treats topics ALPHABETICALLY. Voltaire's *Dictionnaire* is hardly more than a slight addendum. Bayle has Moreri to make fun of, but they all have an ORDER to criticise. They go over the accepted Aquinian universe with a set of measuring tools, *reductio ad absurdum* etc. The multifarious nature of cognizance remains, but they have only the Alphabet for a filing system.

They are brilliant. Bayle is robust with the heritage of Rabelais and Brantome, Voltaire a bit finer, down almost to silver point. But the idea and/or habit of gradations of value, and the infinitely more vital custom of digging down into principles gradually fade out of the picture. The degrees of light and motion, the whole metaphoric richness begin to perish. From a musical concept of man they dwindle downward to a mathematical concept.

Fontenelle notices it but attributes natural human resistance to abstraction to a hunger for ERROR. I don't think Chesterton ever quite formulated an epigram in reply, but the whole of his life was a protest against this impoverishment.

In fact the whole of Flaubert, the whole of the fight for the novel as "*histoire morale contemporaine*" was a fight against maxims, against abstractions, a fight back toward a human and/or total conception.

Flaubert, Trollope, and toward the last Henry James got through to money. Marx and La Tour du Pin, not working on total problem, but on a special problem which one would have thought of necessity would have concentrated their attention on money, merely go blind at the crucial point.

In totalitarian writings before Voltaire

one does not find this blind spot. The Church Fathers think down to detail, Duns Scotus has no cloudy obsession on this point. There is a great deal of latin on Intrinsic and Extrinsic value of money.

Jefferson is still lucid. Gallatin found banks useful, as T. J. says, because they "gave ubiquity to his money."

Does the historian stop for such details? I mean the pestilent variety of historian who has filled 97% of the shelves in our libraries (historical alcoves)? Venice took over private banking but it took decades to persuade the normal Venetian to keep books, to get down to the office to see whether his butler did the job for him, let alone having the addition correct.

There is a continuity of historic process. The imaginary speech of Q. Xtius Decimus after the battle of Bogoluz or the steaming open of despatches by Metternich is not the whole of the story.

In American history as professed the monetary factor has been left to the LAST. Van Buren's memoirs stays six decades in manuscript. How you expect to have a nation with no national culture beats me.

"Congress will then be paying six percent on twenty millions, and receiving seven percent on ten millions, being its third of the institution; so that on the ten millions cash which they receive from the States and individuals, they will, in fact, have to pay but 5% interest. This is the bait." (Monticello, Nov. 6, 1813)

The idea, put about I know not why, by I know not whom, that Jefferson was an imprecise rhetorician disappears in a thorough perusal of his letters.

THERE MAY BE A DEFECT in the "decline and fall" method in writing history. There is certainly a defect in it if the analyst persists in assuming that this or that institution (say the Church) "fell" merely because some other paideuma or activity (or

ganized formally, or sporadic and informal) arises, overcrowds, overshadows it, or merely gets greater publicity.

The Church may not have fallen. The steady building up of social and economic criteria, ever with a tendency to control, via Constantine, Justinian, Charlemagne is still there in the records. It is still there as thought and discrimination for anyone who chooses to look at it.

Leibnitz was possibly the last prominent thinker who worried about "reconciliation," about getting all the best European thought "back into" the Church, but one might note that it is not merely theology but philosophy that stops with Herr Leibnitz. By that I mean that since his correspondence with Bossuet "philosophy," general ideation, has been merely a squib and trailer, correlated to material particular sciences, from which it has had its starts, shoves, incentives. Often splurging in the vaguest analogies.

"The same political parties which now agitate the United States, have existed through all time"; precisely. And this is precisely the complaint in the first volume of my defense." (John Adams quoting Priestly to Jefferson, July 9, 1813).

"By comparing the first and the last of these articles" (this follows a table of figures) "we see that if the United States were in possession of the circulating medium, as they ought to be, they cd. redeem what they cd. borrow from that, dollar for dollar, and in ten annual installments; whereas usurpation of that fund by bank paper, obliging them to borrow elsewhere at 7½%, two dollars are required to reimburse one." (T. J. from Poplar Forest, Sept. 11, 1813).

I am not offering proof, because full proof will not go onto ten pages. I am offering indications, which the reader can follow for himself, but which will I think lead to perception:

That Adams and Jefferson exist in a full world. They are NOT a province of England. The letters abound in consciousness of Europe, that is of France, Holland, Spain, Russia, Italy. The truly appalling suburbanism that set in after the civil war, partly from our exhaustion, partly from the oedematous bulging of the British Empire, our relapse into cerebral tutelage, our suburbanism did not afflict Adams and Jefferson. Not only were they level and (with emphasis) CONTEMPORARY with the best minds of Europe but they entered into the making of that mind. Chateaubriand did not come to Philadelphia to lecture, he came to learn.

I do not believe that either public men or American writers for the past forty years have dared to face the implications of the Adams-Jefferson volumes. Henry James would have, had he been aware of such works existing.

I doubt if they can be adduced to back up any particular theory, unless you call it a theory to hold that one should look at the totality of the facts or at least at as many as are thrust under your observation and as many more as you can dig out for yourselves.

The first quotation of Jefferson here used, could lead to Gesell. Chemistry and Physics are not mutually contradictory. Faddists and the incult are perpetually trying to refute one set of ideas with other ideas that are sometimes unrelated, sometimes complementary. The just price is a canonist concept. The order of the Roman empire, the possibility of organizing such an empire is indissolubly bound up with reduction of usury rates, with disentanglement of the notion of usury from that of marine insurance (hence the scandal of Cato the censor).

An idea or ideal of order developed with the Roman empire, but it was not the empire. It was an ideal of justice that pene-

trated down, out, through, into marketing. The idea that you can tax idle money dates back through a number of centuries. These questions have intrigued the best human minds, Hume, Berkeley, a whole line of catholic writers, and a whole congeries of late latin writers. You can not write or understand any history, and you can not write or understand any serious "history of contemporary customs" in the form of Goncourt and Flaubert novels if you persist in staving off all enquiry into the most vital phenomena, e.g. such as search into the nature and source of the "carrier," of the agent and implement of transference.

A total culture such as that of Adams and Jefferson does not dodge such investigation. A history of literature which refuses to look at such matters remains merely a shell and a sham.

Adams was anti-clerical (at least I suppose one would call it that), they are both of them heritors of encyclopedism, but they inherit that *forma mentis* in an active state where definition of terms and ideas has not been lost. I mean liberty is still the right to do ANYTHING that harms no one else. For seventy years it has been boomed mainly as effrenis in faenerando licentia, alias to hell with the public.

They both had a wide circle of reference, of knowledge, of ideas, with the acid test for hoakum, and no economic inhibitions. The growth of economic inhibition, I mean specifically in the domain of THOUGHT, is a XIXth century phenomenon to a degree that I believe inhered in no other century. Edward Grey and Page were sincerely unconscious. They "didn't see things that way." There was a vast penumbra about their excitement, and penumbra is the mother of bogies.

Jefferson specifically wanted a civilization in Virginia. Van Buren was at work from very early years. He was servant of the public, and during his public life had,

so far as one makes out, time only for good manners. Heaven knows how he spent his time after he was defeated. His memoirs are very well written.

After the death of Van Buren the desire for civilization was limited you might almost say to professional writers, to a very few professional writers and an ineffective minority of the electorate. You have a definite opposition between public life and such men as H. James and H. Adams which you can not ascribe *wholly* to their individual temperaments.

A totalitarian state uses the best of its human components. Shakespeare and Chaucer did not think of emigrating. Landor, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Beddoes did emigrate, and Bobby Burns thought of it. Something had happened in and to England. An historian, if he were real, would want to pry into it.

And the lesson is, if heaven help us, I am supposed to be teaching anyone anything in this article—the lesson is against raw ideology, which Napoleon, Adams, Jefferson were all up against, and whereto, as Adams remarked, Napoleon had, in those days, given a name.

The lesson is or might be against periphrastic acid as distinct from Confucian building of ideogram and search into motivation, or "principle."

If you want certain results, you must as scientist examine a great many phenomena. If you won't admit what you are driving at, even to yourself, you remain in penumbra. Adams did not keep himself in penumbra, he believed in a responsible class. He wanted safeguards and precautions and thereby attained unpopularity.

"You and I ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other." (Adams to Jefferson, July 15, 1813). Did Rousseau or Montaigne ever write anything to equal that sentence, given the context (1760 to 1813)?

The Flower Turned Lady

JOHN MOFFITT

Have you never set eyes on the Bird-of-paradise Lady, that haunting and
Haunted vision a powerful artist evoked out of his bold whirling
Imagination of how a flower would look if it could become a
Woman? The startled blue-black sideward eyes, the straight
Nose and taut mouth over the small tilted chin, the shifty
Anything-but-unequivocal pose on the stiff stem—or rather, in the stiff
Low-backed chair; the delicate tough translucent spirit's disquiet
Sheathed in the new flesh, itself in turn sheathed in the
Fierce harsh yellow of the dress, a harshness subtly underlaid with
Swamp-edge green, the whole speaking out of another disquiet of twisted
Heron-blues, of blacks, terracottas and cool pinks around and
Behind it, all the enigma of a certain rare species of bewitched fantastic
Being, fantastic yet for all that irresistible with the grace of a
Disheveled waywardness hers by right of birth; still, with it all,
Uneasy, puzzled, puzzling, withheld, perhaps even knowingly
Deceptive in her refusal to say precisely what it is she
Stands for; not, like a field flower, telling you with each turn of a
Plain head, any moment you look at her, just what is going on in her
Heart, but a creature of the half-light, of the weird uncertain
Tropical rain-forest, something out of a vivid dream, lithe, nightmarish,
Almost one might say a stained-glass portrait stolen from a high lonely
Window of purgatory—do you know what, with her brief evading
Glance and her shifty pose she reminds you of? Of nothing more than the
Lush grace of one of those curiously-put-together tough-leaved
Poems sprung from the hot moist soil of the current mid-century
Rage—everything veiled, the surface only a beguiling mask for
One or two neatly hidden unsaid things. But look again, and see how
Pale, finally, this caught resemblance to the poem really is, how surely the
Bird-of-paradise Lady floats in her own space, how deftly she stabs with her
Prying sideward glance into the core and uncured secret of our
Twisted modern mood. See, too, the crossed hands, how much, after all, they
Reveal; how with all the scheming of their red nails they are still big,
Vital, commanding—the rooty hands of an earth creature dressed up by
Max Beckmann in someone else's finery; the hands, in fact, of a
Tough tropical flower turned for the moment into a woman, but not
Trying to be anything more than what she was intended to be. And see the
Gay orange shoes, set loosely over against the oranges and blues of the
Looming flower spirit, just ready to step out in a thoroughly
Unselfconscious jungle dance.

Letter to an Unconvinced Friend

FRANK F. KOLBE

One man's expression of what it means to him to be conservative.

DEAR DOUG: Riding in the taxi over to the station and on the train home, I thought over our luncheon discussion on the use of the word "conservatism." You have a positive genius for making me work.

First, I think *Modern Age's* subtitle, "A Conservative Review," is a good one, because it distinguishes our magazine from publications of the New Dealers, Fair Dealers, Wallacites, Do Gooders, Fiat Money Cranks, and so on ad infinitum. Whatever "conservative" may denote, no one would think it denoted any of these things.

Secondly, the conservative's thought is guided by principles, proved in life and which have survived great battles. "My head is bloody, but unbowed."

I say principles, not embodiments or materializations, because the embodiment changes, but not the principle, and the conservative knows this. For example, for six centuries England fought France. During the last four centuries these wars were largely to prevent France from consolidating the Continent. When Germany became powerful, England reversed her alliances and joined with France. The principle remained, but the specific countries in the alliance changed. As Palmerston said, "England has no permanent enemies nor any permanent friends. She has permanent interests." I admit there is always danger in that the conservative may not distinguish between principles which are always valid

and a particular solution which was only valid in a particular situation.

Having experience with the world, the conservative knows that "struggle is the law of life" and even "existence is not guaranteed us." He appreciates the seriousness of the decisions he is called on to make and therefore is not guided by "sudden flashes of intuition" or vague feelings of the goodness of man or one-sided solutions to achieve temporary benefits. His view is the broad view taking in the whole expanse, it is the deep view taking in the depths of each factor, it is the long view taking in long stretches of time, and it is the moral view considering the interests of many people. He does not do what is only expedient for the moment, as he knows the future lasts a long time.

The conservative may be a mystic, but he always has a strong sense of realism. He knows to his innermost core: "Big world—little man." He knows that the world has its own laws and facts which will not be changed to suit man. An unsupported piece of matter will fall, regardless of Aladdin's lamp, man's ideas of humanity or justice, or all man's wishes. The conservative also knows that the world is very complicated and intricate and full of unknowns to the finite mind. Therefore the conservative is modest and does not change from a solution that has worked well in the past without thorough consideration and a knowledge of what he is doing.

Along with his realism in material things, the conservative is realistic about man. The conservative does not believe in the natural goodness of man—that if man is left alone, uneducated and as nature made him, he will run his life with a regard for others and with a long view. Richard Weaver expresses the conservative's view when he says, "There is no concept that I regard as expressing a deeper insight into the concept that is man than

the concept of original sin; i.e., the immemorial tendency of man to do the 'morally' wrong thing when he knows the right thing." The conservative realizes that man needs discipline and social motivation and control. In the words of Edmund Burke, "For society to exist, there must be a control on will and appetite, and the less there is within, the more there must be without."

The conservative will usually be a religious man, because, among other things, he will realize that religion provides, except for reality, the strongest motivation for our actions and has been a great source of strength in the battles of life—not only in national struggles like that of the Poles against the Turks, but also in those struggles in which the individual fights alone against the powers around him. How many victories have been won by a belief that "A Mighty Fortress is our God!" Man needs all possible resources to win. "Survival is not assured us."

THE CONSERVATIVE is normally a well-read man having a real knowledge of the men of the past, many of whom had the same problems he has. The conservative lives with them and regards them as his friends, as Machiavelli so well describes in one of the greatest letters ever written, a letter of December 10, 1513, to Vettori, Florentine Ambassador to the Vatican:

"At nightfall I return home and seek my writing room, and, divesting myself on its threshold of my rustic garments, stained with mud and mire, I assume courtly attire, and thus suitably clothed, enter within the antique courts of ancient men, by whom, being cordially welcomed, I am fed with the only food that is mine and for which I was born. I am not ashamed to hold discourse with them and to inquire into the motives of their actions. These men, in their humanity, reply to me, and for the space of four hours I feel no weariness."

ness, remember no trouble, no longer fear poverty, no longer dread death. My whole being is absorbed in them. And since Dante says that there can be no science without retaining that which is heard, I have recorded that which I have acquired from the conversation of these worthies."

Machiavelli in 1499 had been appointed secretary to the Second Chancellery of the Florentine Republic and for the thirteen years he held the post, he devoted himself to foreign affairs and to war activities. He was entrusted with many missions, visited many places, and met great princes, tyrants, and princesses, including Louis XII, King of France, and Maximilian I, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and many artists, literary men, and several popes. He was in the center of great events and crises. Expelled ignominiously from his office and unjustly subjected to torture, he went, on being released from jail, to his property at San Casciano and there he wrote his books. His daily life on his property was spent with wood choppers, teamsters, and peasants, but his mental life was spent with great doers and thinkers.

It is well here to point out that reading is not just acquiring facts. It is also the formation of a method by which our minds will operate—of how we state the problem, how we go about solving it, what criteria we use. The writers are our friends in the deepest sense—we make a unity with them—it is sometimes hard to tell where they leave off and we begin. As the Spanish proverb says, "Tell me with whom you live, and I'll tell you who you are."

The books that have meant the most to me are:

Thucydides—*History of the Peloponnesian War*. A model of good sense and an understanding of human motivation, singly and in crowds.

Caesar—*Commentaries*. A beautifully

clear mind with the greatest sense of reality.

The Bible. Children of the present generation are tremendously poorer through not knowing the Bible. Their minds do not include a number of vivid, great characters—Moses, Joseph, David, Solomon, Ruth, Daniel, Paul—who, to us, were as close as our aunts and uncles. And great, vivid events—tragedies which would be an antidote to facile optimism and weak dreams. The present generation's world is not expanded out of their local towns to include the Eastern Mediterranean, the Roman Empire, Persia, and Ancient Egypt. Their time is the present: ours encompassed five thousand years. And, lastly those who did not live with the Bible did not live with those creators of the King James Version—simple, noble, human men, they were around our family table, as was even more Martin Luther.

Machiavelli's *Discourses*. A search for truth and a willingness to continuously judge ideas by facts.

Don Quixote. The second volume is the noblest book ever written. A book of high style and high character.

Shakespeare: favorite play, *Julius Caesar*.

Molière. Revelations of us humans—a great, live intelligence.

La Rochefoucauld—*Maxims*. The distilled wisdom of a man of the world, who lived in the heart of a dangerous, fluid time and events. A keen and deep student of the human heart. The maxims fit like chapter headings to many of the events of life and to comments on those events.

Frederick the Great's *Testaments*.

Goethe's *Faust*. Deep sympathy and understanding. There is no barrier between his lines and us. They melt into us.

Proust—*Remembrance of Things Past*. Chinese porcelain in its beauty and sensitivity—a deep understanding.

Spengler—*Decline of the West*. Broadest and deepest comprehension. What a great deal other historians and philosophers have lost through not being sensitive to art! I am struck with how many books and articles are merely rewritten Spengler or expansions of sentences in Spengler.

Spengler—*The Years of Decision*. Written in 1932, is a 1960 book. What other man's view of the world in 1932 was grounded so securely that it sounds like anything but nonsense today?

Two of the best since 1920: Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa* and Hemingway's short stories.

GREAT LITERATURE is only one of the means of knowing and experiencing. Painting, music, sculpture, architecture, or engineering—works many times unite us more with the world outside ourselves and reinforce us more in our characteristics and convictions than do books.

A great characteristic of art is that by means of it one gets out of one's self and experiences the soul of another. One is associating with its creator, the artist, and

living in him, sharing his thoughts, his feelings, and his mental processes. Temporarily we are he, and continued exposure makes it habit.

In music, I appreciate most of all the eighteenth century—Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. In painting, Giotto, Jan Van Eyck, Memling, Cranach, El Greco, and Rembrandt. I personally also like the Impressionists and Neo-Impressionists—a great hymn to the glory of this world—and some modern painting. In architecture, the Pyramids and the Cathedral of Vézelay: the Pyramids because of their unity, nobility, and sense of the straight way and eternity—absolutely no decoration or multiplicity; the Cathedral at Vézelay because it asserts the power of energy (like all the Gothic), but with restraint and simplicity.

However, while he knows the past, the conservative is most of all interested in the present and the future: that is where he will spend his life. His use of the past will be to enrich and help lead his present and future.

Sincerely,

FRANK

Theory in American Politics

The strength of American politics lies in its understanding that heaven and earth are two different places.

JAMES V. SCHALL

POLITICAL THEORY never has really discovered a congenial home in the United States. To be sure, American professors are quite frank about this and are openly prepared to admit, often even to lament this apparent deficiency. But thus far American political scientists have not agreed either about the nature of the difficulty or about what remedy to apply.

"Perhaps most of these worries about the state of our discipline," Professor V. O. Key noted in his recent presidential address to the American Political Science As-

sociation, "relate in one way or another to the place of political theory in our studies."¹ Theory, he continues, should be relevant to practical political activity, while empirical data should enrich theory. Yet, Professor Key emphasizes, theory and practice appear to be quite "antagonistic" to one another. Seldom is a theoretical work of "the slightest use for the empirical worker," nor does the theorist find detailed data of much real use.²

Professor Robert McCloskey, in a discussion of "American Political Thought

and the Study of Politics," takes the further logical step to bring to light what is perhaps the underlying concern of American political thinkers. "The difficulty, to be downright," he feels, "is that American political thinkers have not often produced works that rank with the best that has been thought or known in the world's intellectual history."³ So it is that in the state of political philosophy, we find ourselves to be second-class citizens.

As a witness to the somewhat chaotic relationship existing between political theory and actual political decision, we find with increasing, even disturbing frequency learned treatises in the pages of the *American Political Science Review* and other professional journals which attempt, for example, to "predict" on the basis of mathematical analyses such phenomena as Supreme Court decisions—an interesting fate indeed for the nine free men who sit on this venerable Bench of American liberty.⁴

It is true, fortunately, that we also find authors who quite frankly dub this kind of predicting effort as "science fiction."⁵ But mathematical elements do more and more dot the pages of our professional organs. Indeed, political scientists are often enamoured, if not entranced by the pure theoretical systems of the physical sciences. Thus they invite to their annual meetings specialists in the physical sciences to explain to them "the various meanings of 'theory.'"⁶

Yet, though in his heart the political scientist does not really feel at home midst the giants of physics, mathematics, or chemistry, the inordinate attraction is still there. "The great ambition of the political scientist," Bertrand de Jouvenel, somewhat cynically perhaps, has remarked, "is to be like other scientists."⁷

But exactly here lies the whole question. Is he like other "scientists"? The answer to this perplexing question, it seems to me,

paradoxically is found in the very lessons American political life since the eighteenth century teaches us vis-à-vis the major ideals that governed the minds of the great European theorists during the same era. So great has been the contrast between the systems that American theorists have tended to harbor a kind of inferiority complex when confronted with the great European constructs of liberalism, socialism, conservatism, Marxism, or nationalism. When we contrast *The Federalist Papers*—perhaps our finest single work—or Washington, Calhoun, James Wilson, Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln, or Woodrow Wilson with the visions of Kant, Rousseau, Hegel, J. S. Mill, Bentham, Marx, or Nietzsche, we lapse into awe and silence. We even discover—to heap insult on injury—that the greatest early studies of American politics were written by a French aristocrat and an English lord.

NEVERTHELESS, there is a basic difference about European political theory which it is essential to grasp. At bottom, the major European political thinkers whom we recognize to have been most influential in the world's intellectual history have not really been "politicians" in the American sense. Rather they have been systematic philosophers or secular theologians who have sought in political theory and organization the ultimate answer to man's very real quest for total fulfilment. This is the true significance of *The Prince*, *The Leviathan*, *The Social Contract*, *The Philosophy of Right*, *The Wealth of Nations*, the *Outlines of an Historical View of the Progress of the Human Mind*, *Das Kapital*, *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, and *State and Revolution*.

American political writing and practice in contrast has been considerably more modest in its scope. It has been empirical, pragmatic, organic, quite content to limit

itself to the reasonable, temporary goals of this life. Although some of our scholars are of course closer than others to this more philosophical tradition flowing out of modern Europe, the vast majority have stayed closer to the life and reality of economic and social problems apt to be discussed in a normal session of Congress or at the conference table in the White House.

This does not mean, however, that Americans have ignored the issue of man's ultimate happiness. Perhaps we can take Mr. Tennessee Williams' recent essay in the *New York Times* as a contemporary proof of this: "I would say that there is something much bigger in life and death than we have become aware of in our living and dying . . . I would say that our serious theater is a search for that something that is not yet successful but is still going on."⁸ There is and always has been this ultimate search among our own people—though I doubt whether any great majority of our citizens utilize the theater as a proper vehicle to find it.

The point is that Americans in general have been inclined to believe that politics and political theory are not the proper avenues on which to reach ultimate happiness. They have been to a great extent a religious people. They have, consequently, separated their churches from their state in order to guarantee the autonomy of both, but they have likewise separated those philosophies which substitute for religion from their state. Their political leaders have usually respected religious beliefs and practices; most politicians indeed have themselves been religious men. The American politician as a result of his limited concept of politics and as a result of his personal contacts with the beliefs of the people has never felt that the way of politics could be used to solve essentially religious and philosophical problems. The real issue, then, seems to revolve around the true

goals of politics and political theory.

Two divergent approaches to politics must, therefore, be recognized. One approach—let us call it with admitted exaggeration the modern European concept—is rooted in a post-Christian philosophical outlook. It has constantly borne witness to man's eternal and necessary desire to attain personal, unchanging happiness for himself and his fellows. The essential core of the Christian revelation—Creation, the Fall, Redemption, Resurrection, personal responsibility and salvation—has been abandoned as a solution to this problem of happiness for most of these European thinkers.

Yet I am inclined to believe that the European mind has been true to its Christian and Greek heritage at least to the extent that it has sought some kind of infinity. Since it ceased to discover it in Christianity, it looked elsewhere. But it did look. Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires d'outre tombe* characterized this tradition when he wrote that "the concept of infinity is one of man's attributes; once you forbid our minds and emotions to concern themselves with unlimited good you have changed man into a machine."⁹ This quest for infinity, I believe, is present in practically every European movement since the seventeenth century in some form or another. Moreover, this "theological" aura of European politics explains in great part the peculiar aspects of continental parties when compared with the Republican or Democratic parties of the United States. Our parties are flexible and expansive and co-operative precisely because they are not, like so many of their European counterparts, expressions of a political creed.

Americans are often inclined to think that the Marxist tradition with its materialist basis is an exception to this rule of the infinite. But of all European philosophies, Marxism is the greatest single example of

its presence. The orthodox Marxist really believes in an infinity to be achieved in this life. And this is precisely why an American politician does not easily understand a Communist, for no American would ever think of looking to politics for an answer to ultimate questions.

CONSEQUENTLY, WHEN American politicians meet Russian leaders, they frequently act—and the American press, both scholarly and popular, supports their moves for the most part—as if they were dealing with politicians like unto themselves in all things, sin included, men who are concerned with peace, with pragmatic, temporal goals. But they are really talking to devoted theologians who are striving for the infinite—and in the Russian dogma the infinite happens to be tied up with the eradication of America as such.

Perhaps the most enlightening examples of this perplexity facing American politicians can be seen, I think, in some recent remarks of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mr. Dean Acheson. In a TV interview, Mrs. Roosevelt was asked about President Roosevelt's reaction to the increasing Russian violations of allied agreements at the end of the war. She replied quite simply that Mr. Roosevelt always placed a great faith in his ability to work out solutions by personal negotiations with opposite leaders. At the end, she noted, he was becoming very disturbed over these Soviet violations.¹⁰

Most students of the era, I believe, would take a similar view of Franklin Roosevelt's general position on this point. After a recent lecture at Howard University, Mr. Acheson was asked by an earnest student obviously dismayed at the conflicting interpretations of the event: "Just what did happen at Yalta?" Mr. Acheson replied that a good deal has been written and spoken about this agreement by the Re-

publicans, but when they came to power themselves, they discovered to their dismay that the legal basis for eventual liberty to Eastern European countries was founded on the Yalta pacts. Consequently, to repudiate them would have been tantamount to abandoning these nations. So the issue was dropped.¹¹

What I want to bring out here is not the merit or demerit of Mr. Roosevelt's policies or the wisdom of Yalta, but rather to indicate the nature of the underlying assumptions on which both Yalta and Mr. Roosevelt's efforts were based. Clearly, the feeling must have been that the Russians were men and politicians pretty much like typical American politicians back home. This is why Mr. Roosevelt could have honestly placed such great confidence in his admitted talent for personal negotiations, and why legal treaties were thought adequate enough to establish peace and justice.

But Mr. Roosevelt was not talking to other politicians. He was talking to devotees of an absolute system, a system which neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the majority of Americans were really capable of understanding at the time. Consequently, when Russia decided in 1946-50 to take the offensive, the popular cry of indignation in America was that the Russians had suddenly changed. In truth the Russians had not changed in the slightest. What changed was our naive belief that politics was a category into which Lenin, Herbert Hoover, Neville Chamberlin, Joseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Franklin Roosevelt, and Winston Churchill all could fit with equal simplicity and ease.

Yet, to bring these reflections back into the mainstream of our discussion, there is a brighter side to this same picture from the standpoint of theory itself. This apparent lack of sophisticated *élan* which American politics and politicians reveal when confronted by European theories and

organizations does not, in my opinion, bear witness to a radical misapprehension about the nature of politics on our part. Quite the contrary: I believe the average American congressman or president knows much more about the real "stuff" of politics than most of his European counterparts. And the reason for this is that Americans are free to deal openly with politics as such and do not have to be distracted in current affairs by issues that are essentially philosophical and theological. Politics is a prudence and an experience based on the acceptance of defined and limited goals for real people in the actual situations of this life. American politicians have never really thought of politics in any other terms.

For this reason, I believe that the too much neglected theories of Belloc and Chesterton on the distinctiveness of the American experience are most significant. Both men insisted that American civilization was derived from, but still quite distinct from Europe; it was a civilization whose peculiar spirit both practically and historically was much more comparable to pre-Reformation Europe than to the Europe of their day.¹²

THESE OBSERVATIONS of Belloc and Chesterton that America is a different kind of civilization gain added point in the light of the recent studies of Charles N. R. McCoy, one of the most acute and perceptive of American scholars of the history of political theory. Professor McCoy declares that most modern writers in the field—Sabine, Carlyle, McIlwain—have never really grasped the significance of the Christian revelation vis-à-vis political philosophy.¹³ Usually, the major contribution of Christianity is held to have been its influence in the area of tolerance and liberty. Professor Paul Ramsey's summation of the thesis of *Twenty Centuries of Christianity* by Professors Hutchinson and Garrison

states the typical interpretation: "While not entirely agreeing with the judgment of the 'Gloomy Dean' of St. Paul's, London, that 'after Constantine there is not much that is not humiliating,' it is plain that the authors' sympathies, after the brief period of Constantine's Edict of Toleration, are mainly directed to the American experience of toleration and the separation of Church and State."¹⁴ According to most historians, early Christian theory is pretty much a sanctification of Stoic views on equality, the Fall, and universal brotherhood.

Professor McCoy grants the importance of Christianity in the areas of toleration, liberty, and brotherhood, but points out that the significance of these ideas was a relatively late development in Western political history. The deeper meaning of Christianity for political theory, he insists, lies in an Aristotelian rather than in a Stoic context. In the *Ethics* and *Politics*, Aristotle saw that man had a desire for perfect happiness, but he also saw that such a goal was not possible in this life. After Aristotle, Greek philosophy so abandoned hope of ever attaining earthly bliss that it finally arrived at Epicurus, who felt that man is better off simply to forget the desire since it only disturbs him and makes him incapable of appreciating what little happiness he can attain.¹⁵

But the human mind, as we noted in an earlier context, cannot relinquish the quest for felicity. If it is suppressed in one form, it will reappear in another. Just before the advent of Christianity the Roman Empire was engulfed by the cult of emperor-worship and various oriental pseudo-religions which, for the first time in man's history, extended the false promise that politics could be the means of attaining perfect happiness in this life.

The victory of Christianity over its rivals was, therefore, as Professor McCoy indicates, almost as crucial in the realm of

politics as it was in religion. By defining the true nature of ultimate happiness for man—that is, in an eternal life after death—Christianity guaranteed the autonomy and limited nature of the political order. For if the solution to man's quest for infinity lies outside of this life, then political life cannot be converted into an instrument with which to reorganize and discipline society in an illusory pursuit of perfect happiness for mortal man. Thus politics can be what Aristotle said it was, and what American society has always felt it to be—a concern for a limited, temporal common welfare of this life, a life which can admit the reality of man's spiritual desires but which does not attempt to fulfill them by political action and organization.

As a sidelight on Professor McCoy's thesis, it is interesting to recall that Karl Marx himself wrote his doctoral dissertation on the difference between Democritus and Epicurus. Marx's general train of thought was that post-Aristotelian philosophies—Stoicism, skepticism, and Epicureanism—really formed the Roman spirit, but that their essential implications did not become apparent until they were reintroduced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as the foundations of modern European philosophies.¹⁶ "Philosophy . . . will not permit itself," Marx wrote in the introduction to his thesis, "to hurl at its adversaries the cry of Epicurus, 'the impious one is not he who despises the gods of the crowd, but he who adheres to the idea that the rabble makes for itself of the gods.' Philosophy does not hide itself. It makes its own Prometheus' profession of faith, namely, 'I hate all the gods!' And philosophy opposes that slogan to all the gods of heaven and earth who do not recognize the human conscience as the supreme divinity. It suffers no rival."¹⁷ Thus the Christian idea that perfect happiness lies with God outside this life is abandoned

to a mystique that admits no opponent. The quest for perfect happiness again enters the political realm.

THE LATER HISTORY of Christianity in large part, it seems to me, can be seen more clearly in this light. For the reaction of the Church to political movements and to philosophical ideologies varies in direct proportion to the degree to which a political doctrine or movement claims to fulfill on earth man's quest for eternal happiness. The best contemporary example of this, I think, lies in the attitude of the Church's hierarchy towards the various European labor and socialist parties. Where these parties tend to embrace personalism, property, cooperation, and religion as in Holland and England, the hierarchy usually finds no objection to them.¹⁸ But where these parties retain traditional socialist dogma as in nineteenth-century France, and as seems to be the case in Italy today, the Church has been uncompromising, because she has seen in the platforms and the attitudes of these parties a false claim to secure man's quest for happiness in this life.¹⁹ The modern Church has usually encouraged political, economic, and social progress. Where she has tended to hesitate is at that very point where this progress was envisioned as an earthly substitute for a supernatural goal.

Christianity, then, from this aspect has performed an enormous service to political life and theory because it has insisted that the kind of happiness open to man on earth is the limited, tangible advance of the temporal order, a goal characterized best, in my opinion, pretty much by the attitudes and aims of American parties and politicians. Whenever politics has been transformed into a tool with which to construct happiness in this life, as is generally the case with major European thinkers from Machiavelli to Marx, practical politi-

cal life as we Americans know it has withered and died. For there can be no political process as the Americans are accustomed to it where parties are primarily ideological in nature.

Herein too lies the ultimate difficulty which American politicians face when confronting Communist leaders, for these leaders operate in a political and philosophical tradition which renders politics in the American sense almost meaningless. This is also probably the reason why American politicians almost instinctively tend to favor European conservative and Christian Democratic parties in their actual political negotiations. They see in these parties a recognition of the limited scope of political endeavor, a recognition they do not find so evident in other European parties.

Such considerations lead me to believe, contrary to the prevailing opinion, that American politicians and writers have actually contributed enormously to political theory, for the very reason that they do *not* compare favorably with the metaphysical aspects of Hegel, of Fichte, or Marx, or Alfred Rosenberg. We Americans have been concerned with the proper issues of politics, with popular representation, political leadership, interstate commerce, public morals and welfare, oligarchy, corruption, pure food and drugs, TVA, due process, labor unions, school buildings, control of the military. We have not understood the classless society, the master race (though on this score our hands are not quite so clean), or the World Spirit. This is why Belloc and Chesterton spoke of the presidency as the last of the mediaeval monarchies: when politics is based, as it is in America, on the premise that religion and philosophy are not its proper domain, it is possible for the king to work for a reasonable, temporal welfare.

As a result we can afford psychologically to be content with the pragmatic best we

can attain over a long period of time with our somewhat chaotic economic and social procedures. We are not, as a people, profoundly discontented because our political processes have not fulfilled our ultimate desires. We have in a kind of political manner inherited the old Christian idea that human sin and ignorance are very much with us, along with the equally Christian notion that we should do something about poverty and ignorance and suffering even while recognizing that we cannot eliminate them entirely. We are not sad that senators and bureaus and economic enterprise cannot complete our desire for happiness. We know in a kind of practical way that the solution to these questions lies in Christopher Dawson's happy phrase "beyond politics."

Yet, if we can rest content with the general attitude of our leaders towards the limits of politics within human society, the same security cannot be extended to their overall performance in dealing with absolutist systems. Our very failure to see in these philosophical and political movements a claim to attain ultimates has seriously hampered our effectiveness, indeed our very existence. Why do we display this weakness even in a time when we have more and more realized the implications of absolutist systems? Father Martin C. D'Arcy, I think, has stated it as well as most. When we face a total philosophy, we ourselves need to agree on our own values in order to maintain our position and, especially, to advance it.

But as the theoretical beliefs of our intellectual leaders recede more and more from the Christian and Greek premises on which our actual political life was built, we discover no commonly accepted core of ideas that can support the political ideals we in fact practice. Our political creed affirms a belief in freedom, responsibility, personality, and religion which our sci-

entific and theoretical beliefs fail to support. The scientific systems that are taught in our universities when transplanted into the social sciences—a movement which is only now reaching its full culmination—imply a denial of the liberty, personality, and common human nature needed in political life.

As a result, the social order evolves into a mechanism; and the individual himself, into an abstract, manipulatable, and uniform scientific construct. These ideas are hardly consonant with the dignity of an existentially unique human person for whom society ultimately exists. What we need is a theory that can support the fact that men in their characteristic activity and destiny are really distinct from the physical world, a theory which recognizes man's activity as free, responsible, organic, and responsible. We need to realize what Salvador de Madariaga recently stressed, namely that uniqueness and not repeatable uniformity is the characteristic attribute of life and especially of man.²⁰

In other words, to go back to the point from which we began this essay, the uneasy relationship existing today between political theory and practical politics in America stems largely from the fact that an ever-increasing number of our political theorists are attempting to *construct*—and note that I use the word “construct,” instead of saying “discover” which implies that man is made by something other than himself, made with a definite and stable nature—political philosophy in mathematical and physical analogies. The ultimate and serious danger of this movement is that it portends in America visionary attempts to transform into political action and organization the hope of attaining ultimate happiness in this life; for if society is to be subject to the laws of mathematics and physics, then happiness could be a result of the right scientific formula.

Fortunately, this kind of attitude has not yet reached the practicing politician—which is why, I suspect, congressmen are often somewhat disrespectful of political scientists. As a kind of empirical proof of this point—which will at the same time serve as an answer to the question posed at the beginning of these observations about whether the political scientist is “like other scientists”—we might consider two exchanges that took place in the Hearings of the House Select Committee on Lobby Activities during the Eighty-First Congress. The first exchange was between Representative Clarence Brown of Ohio, Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana, and Professor Hadley Cantril who was testifying:

Mr. Brown: . . . do you think the average member of Congress has any intelligence, or ability, or any knowledge of his district and of his people?

Mr. Cantril: I cannot imagine anyone who would have much more.

Mr. Brown: Do you know of any professor in any college or any student . . . who can make a better analysis of my mail than I can make for myself? Do you think there is any student or any college professor who knows the people of my district better than I know these people?

Mr. Cantril: Probably not, no.

Mr. Brown: I can recognize most of their names when they write in.

Mr. Cantril: That is right; probably not.

Mr. Brown: I would like to have you comment in your answer to that question.

Mr. Cantril: I have only the highest respect for Congressmen.

Mr. Halleck: I think I ought to answer that the gentleman from Ohio is eminently qualified to analyze his mail.

Mr. Brown: I want to ask your opinion of the average Member of Congress. I want to know whether you

think he is intelligent enough to analyze his own mail, or know anything about his own district and be able to judge the people that write him and to properly weigh the influence and value of each letter?

The Chairman: This can be off the Record.

Mr. Brown: I think it ought to be on the Record. The gentleman has made some rather astounding statements this morning.²¹

The second discussion is between Representative Brown and Professor Stephen K. Bailey:

Mr. Brown: I notice you were quite critical, seemingly, in your study of Mr. Hoffman, and yet at the same time you also said he was typical of the people of his district and of their—I do not remember the exact words—I think “narrowmindedness,” and a few other things.

I am just wondering is that not representative government? Is it not well that we have a representative who is actually typical of his district, whether we agree with him or not?

Mr. Bailey: Surely. Again, sir, in drawing these portraits I have tried to be as fairminded as I possibly could. No student of government who has knocked around in this field at all believes that he is a scientist. I am a teacher of government, although occasionally the word “political scientist” slips out.²²

Now I cite these sometimes humorous, but penetrating remarks because they place in clear outline what I consider to be the essential limited and personal nature of American politics. Congressmen know their people and their problems. They are responsible, no one else. Thus they rise in wrathful indignation whenever they feel the ominous shadow of scientific theory falling on their duty to their people. Political science, as Professor Bailey rightly

affirmed, is not really like other sciences. It is part and parcel of the effort of congressmen and all our citizens to achieve a limited, yet we hope adequate public welfare for human persons whose ultimate happiness lies beyond the political order.

IN CONCLUSION, then, what are the theoretical implications of this *de facto*, and I think correct, American attitude towards politics as a limited, practical process for achieving a common goal that is temporal and self-limiting with respect to ultimate human desires? At first sight, it would seem that political theory should itself become terrestrial and wholly pragmatic, as in fact it has tended to become in the United States. But the very opposite, I believe, is the case. It is the political life itself that is limited to the temporal welfare. Man has to know why this limitation is justified or else he will, as Karl Marx rightly affirmed, turn on and revolutionize the natural order itself. The task of political theory is to account for and to place in proper perspective man's ultimate desires so that the striving for them does not become embodied in a political movement which hopes to achieve them in this life.

The first book of the *Ethics* of Aristotle is still the starting point of political theory. And the first book of the *Ethics* deals with the problem of man's ultimate happiness. Politics in America has instinctively respected these ultimate desires in men, but it has never tried to achieve them by political means. The ultimate goals are not the strictly political ones—even though, paradoxically, the political goals are as such very noble ones. Political theory, then, and the impact of Christianity upon it are indispensable in justifying and preserving the actual political life we Americans have lived and developed.

²¹V. O. Key, Jr., “The State of the Discipline,” *American Political Science Review*, LII (December, 1958), 967.

²*Ibid.*, pp. 967-68.

³Robert G. McCloskey, "American Political Thought and the Study of Politics," *American Political Science Review*, LI (March, 1957), 115.

⁴Cf. Fred Cort, "Predicting Supreme Court Decisions . . .," *American Political Science Review*, LI (March, 1957), 1-12; Glendon A. Schubert, "The Study of Judicial Decision-Making . . .," *ibid.*, LII (December, 1958), 1007-25.

⁵John P. Roche, "Political Science and Science Fiction," *ibid.*, LII (December, 1959), 1026-29.

⁶Anatol Rapoport, "Various Meanings of 'Theory,'" *ibid.*, LII (December, 1958), 972-88.

⁷Bertrand de Jouvenal, *Sovereignty*, trans. J. F. Huntington (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1957), p. 219.

⁸Tennessee Williams, "Wells of Violence," *New York Times*, March 8, 1959, p. X 3.

⁹René de Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre tombe*, Vol. IV, Bk. 12, Reading No. 5 in Hans Kohn, *Making of the Modern French Mind* (New York: Van Nostrand, 1955), p. 108. Cf. also Johann Gottlieb Fichte, *The Vocation of Man*, trans. William Smith (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co., 1931), pp. 152-3; Ernst Cassirer, *An Essay on Man* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor, 1944), pp. 32-33.

¹⁰Eleanor Roosevelt, *Wisdom Series*, NBC, March 8, 1959.

¹¹Lecture, Howard University, Washington, D.C., March 11, 1959.

¹²Cf. H. Belloc, *The Contrast* (New York: McBride, 1924); G. K. Chesterton, *What I Saw in America* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1923).

¹³Cf. Charles N. R. McCoy, "The Turning Point in Political Philosophy," *American Political Science Review*, XLVI (September, 1950), 678-88; C. N. R. McCoy, "Ludwig Feuerbach and the Formation of the Marxian Revolutionary Idea," *Laval Théologique et Philosophique*, VII (1951), 218-48. Professor McCoy's thesis will be further treated in his forthcoming book on the structure of political thought to be published by the McGraw-Hill Company.

¹⁴Paul Ramsey, "Milestones Along the Road of Faith," *New York Times Book Review*, March 15, 1959, p. 10.

¹⁵Epicurus, "Letter to Herodotus," *Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers*, ed. W. J. Oates (New York: Random House, 1940), p. 13.

¹⁶Karl Marx, "Difference de la Philosophie de la Nature chez Democrite et chez Epicure," *Oeuvres Philosophiques*, trans. J. Moliter (Paris: Costes, 1952), I, 1-5.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. xxiv. Author's translation.

¹⁸Cf. Michael P. Fogarty, "Socialism in Europe," *Commonweal*, December 19, 1958, pp. 7-9.

¹⁹Arnaldo Cortesi, "Vatican Warns About Socialism," *New York Times*, January 21, 1959, p. 2.

²⁰Salvador de Madariaga, Lecture, "The Psychology of the European," Institute of Contemporary Arts, Washington, D.C., May 27, 1959.

²¹Part I of *Hearings Before the House Select Committee on Lobbying Activities*, House of Representatives, 81st Congress, Second Session, H. Res. 298. *Role of Lobbying in Representative Self-Government* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1950), pp. 24-25.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 48.

Conservatives who feel uneasy in relying on Christian theology for their theory of human nature might well consider the analytical psychology of Carl Jung.

Conservatism and a Philosophy of Personality

DONALD A. ZOLL

VARIED EXPLANATIONS have been offered for the virtual demise of political theorizing. We have all read the obituaries. Tallied up, these somber reflections produce one conclusion obscuring the rest in significance: we possess no generally accepted philosophy regarding the nature of the human personality upon which to ground political conjecture and prescription.

It is ironic, surely, that while at no time in historical memory have we known so much, quantitatively speaking, about man, we in our age have failed so evidently to effect any integration of these knowledges to the point that we enjoy any reasonable consensus regarding his nature. We have dismembered the human species, labeled his parts, and placed them under close analytical scrutiny; we have cunningly departmentalized him and coined such smoothly self-delusive terms as "biological man" or "economic man" or "moral man" to mask our confusion.

During the prolific periods of political philosophizing, no such embarrassing predicament existed. Knowledge about man if reduced to basic philosophical contention, however incomplete or fanciful, was sufficiently whole to allow for political speculation resting upon normative agreement. Theological premises, of course, made this agreement possible in large measure, and the loosely bound concord—or at least intelligibility of communion—was obviously the result of woefully inadequate data. It was hardly surprising that nascent science confounded this common intellectual language by rapidly widening the range of data and by destroying many of the more precarious tenets of orthodoxy, both theological and philosophical.

Alas, a Medieval, Renaissance, or Enlightenment account of human nature was manifestly simplistic. Human considerations notwithstanding, knowledge regarding man the animal swiftly spewed out, chaotically and often abortively, in all directions. One is tempted to contrast this growth to the construction of a Miami

Beach hotel, blindingly rapid and of uncertain architecture. With bouyant optimism, the social-science corps collected imposing compendiums of information regarding the human creature in all his aspects, from the sex lives of congressmen to the effect of wind puffs on the eyelid.

Out of this frenzied fragmentation, this wealth of inchoate data, came no organizing synthesis and, unhappily, no revival of a common intellectual communication suitable for use as a point of departure for social philosophers. In the wake of the orgy of discovery came certain derivative conditions. Among them was a disturbing scholastic climate not only made unsettling by its lack of real order, but also by the aura of timidity which prevailed, the reluctance to shoulder the burdens of prescription, and to draw the bold design of alternatives. We now await a restoring synthesis, an embracing philosophy of human nature. Revitalized political theory impatiently listening for its cue, is held in abeyance by these circumstances.

One of the strengths of historical conservatism has been its consistently acute evaluation of the limitations of human nature and, equally, of its potentialities when nurtured by the proper social and educational disciplines. Conservatism, with a kind of weary forbearance, has refused to be misled by the fragile optimisms and myopic meliorisms of the sentimentalized views of other broad political persuasions.

This sophistication is comfortably evident in contemporary conservatives. They, too, recognize the lamentable human penchant for social mischief. The general cast of thought, however, implies certain convictions regarding a philosophy of personality. To what can we attribute this latent propensity for uncivil and value-destructive behavior? Some critics flail away against what they believe to be the

conservatives' answer by insisting that conservatives—new and old—are committed to some doctrine of original sin, painted up in gory religious embellishment.

While these commentators go too far, there is more than a little validity in their rebuke. It is true that conservatism does conjure up some vague notion of a spiritual or metaphysical "bend sinister" in the human personality. Of course, conservatives seem willing to concede the point. Observation, conducted in the mood of realism notable in their thought, convinces them that men do indeed behave in capricious and frequently dangerous fashion. The thinkers who have captained what has been described as a conservative "revival," argue like their predecessors, that those who deny the unseemly side of human nature bemuse themselves with risky fantasies and unrealizable goals of human and social perfectability. The position appears to rest on firm empirical ground. Indeed, it is one of the sturdier bulwarks of conservatism.

Yet it must be admitted that, in addition to relying on empiricism, many present-day conservatives, adrift like everyone else in the torrent of unorganized knowledge of human behavior, insist on ascribing man's malevolent characteristics to some lack of spiritual enlightenment of a rather orthodox cast; the human personality seems to them to appear a battleground in some Manichean ontology. For these conservatives, a philosophy of human nature is posited from an exclusively religious base.¹ Conservatism is thus made derivative in a broad sense from a Christian ontology and ethic, and man's nature is explained by an appeal to religious metaphysics.

This article cannot pretend to weigh the validity of theological claims to human understanding, but even so it is fair to point out that the position assumed by much of current conservative opinion is

an increasingly difficult one to sustain in the face of careful philosophical and psychological criticism. In assuming this posture conservatives run the risk of vitiating their argument for the need of institutional and traditional controls over human frailty, since they bind that argument to the philosophic difficulties inherent in a collateral defense of a full-blown theism.²

In short, it is the contention of the writer that while conservative observation of human nature has been perceptive and its prescriptions generally intelligent, the implied metaphysical frame is shrouded in dubious mythology. It is stretching the credible to imagine modern conservatism becoming a potent force, either intellectually or socially, unless it forges a more adequate philosophy of personality.

CONTEMPORARY CONSERVATISM is thus presented with an opportunity of majestic dimension. Historically its world-view has had the superior merit of penetrating and unsentimental social analysis. Now it must address itself to the problem of synthesizing knowledge regarding human behavior. If, for the sake of argument, conservatism abandons its generally traditional and much-injured bastion of religious metaphysics, where may it take a more defensible stand? What might be the source of a revised conservative philosophy of personality?

To suggest to many conservatives that they might go to psychology for these insights causes them to recoil in horror; it is tantamount to suggesting that they consult a psychiatrist on their own behalf. There are only two possible reasons for this antipathy. First, they may identify the word "psychology" with the dour and unrewarding positivism of the academic psychologist; and if this is the source of their disquiet, one can only offer a sympathetic and concurring nod. If, on the

other hand, the word "psychology" harkens in the conservative mind the Black Arts of Sigmund Freud, who in some unclear way has undermined the cherished idols, then one has reason for pause.

Perhaps at this point the awkward term "depth psychology" might be introduced for utility's sake, lumping under that admittedly vague term a variety of divergent schools which share a common view of personality. The conservative is repelled by this intellectual advent, issues diatribes against it, and poses Freud as the incarnation of the radical spirit. Sometimes the conservative subjects depth psychology to volleys of levity, righteous-sounding scorn, and light commentary that is little more than shoddy editorialization.³ It may be that in this flurry of emotion he has failed to understand the nature of what he is attacking. It would be ironic if he were leveling his artillery against his most valuable potential ally.

Perhaps contemporary conservatives have not given Freud and his heirs a thoughtful reading; there is little evidence that they have turned their attention to Carl Jung and Erich Neumann. If they did, they might be well rewarded, since depth psychology offers an account of the human personality that on philosophic ground squares more completely with conservative opinion than any other contemporary view. The difficulty may well be that some conservatives have been reading social tracts purporting to be "psychoanalytically oriented" rather than the respectable work in the field. In a strict sense, psychoanalysis is a system of therapy resting upon certain propositions regarding the nature of the personality. It is not a prescription for social action, and attempts to extrapolate from it into the area of social policy have been absurd.⁴ Erich Fromm is hardly the fountainhead of psychoanalytic thought.

The validity of the assumptions of depth

psychology within its own area of application and the question of its impact upon such philosophic matters as human nature are matters demanding searching and systematic study. Here we can only examine briefly some of the implications of the *analytical psychology* of Carl Jung and Erich Neumann for a conservative philosophy of personality. It would be impossible in a few paragraphs to do any sort of justice to the rather intricate and sometimes elliptical character of Jungian psychology, but it is feasible to isolate two areas of especial interest to conservative theorists: the limits of rational powers of the individual in relation to the psyche's irrational component and, secondly, the social involvement of the individual.

Jung places strict limits upon the power of the human intellect. Ira Progoff in his commentary on Jung summarizes it this way: "the intellect can contribute only a small part of the knowledge necessary for understanding the material which Jung studies. It must be experienced more comprehensively by the personality as a whole, at least partially lived through and validated existentially, before it can be grasped on a conscious level. When this is carried through, however, the result must be a deepening not only in the categories used by the psychological and social sciences, but in the awareness of dimensions of reality which are essential if the modern personality is to regain contact with its sources."⁵

Jung's concern for the non-rational in the personality, as we shall see shortly, is coupled with his attack upon the notion of the psychic autonomy of the individual with respect to his social origins and involvements. Human nature is social nature, Jung maintains, and it is quite as impossible for him to conceive of man separated from society as it was for Aristotle. As Jung writes in his *The Psychology of the*

Unconscious: "The individual content of consciousness is . . . the most unfavorable object imaginable for psychology, because it has veiled the universally valid until it has become unrecognizable. The essence of consciousness is the process of adaptation which takes place in the most minute details. On the other hand, the unconscious is the generally diffused, which not only binds the individuals among themselves to the race, but also unites them backward with the peoples of the past and their psychology. Thus the unconscious, surpassing the individual in generality, is, in the first place, the object of true psychology."⁶ Jung here has reference to what he terms the *collective unconscious*, a psychic force which pre-exists the individual personality and gives to it a psychic content in the broad fashion of an inheritance. Jung posits this as a "universal" in all men.

THE JUNGIAN CONCEPT of the psyche divides it into three levels: consciousness; personal unconsciousness; and objective or collective unconsciousness. The top layer, consciousness, Jung views as the most superficial because it contains the least of the vital psychic content. This is the level, moreover, in which rational and cognitive processes take place. The personal unconscious is a sort of crossroads of the psyche entire. This stratum contains both drives coming up from beneath the level of consciousness and also forms produced by the restraining actions of pre-consciousness. While this level does not represent full "individuation," it still is uniquely personal, not "trans-personal" as is the collective unconscious.

The collective unconscious receives most of Jung's concern, because it is the source of consciousness itself and is the area of communication between the individual and the psychic force of the universe.⁷ It is through analysis of what Jung labels the

"archetypes" that we have some understanding of the nature of the unconscious. These archetypes are collective images, "primordial images," arising contemporaneously with the primordial psyche which pre-dates human consciousness. We view them as recurrent symbols, Jung maintains—vague suggestions from the historical past. They act upon man as a cultural cohesion.

Jung's account of society rests solidly on the assumption that society is not a plurality of individuals. He accepts a position of cultural organicism. His reasoning, in essence, is that the processes of the unconscious which give rise to consciousness and individuation are not the result of individual experience, but the collected experience of the human race. Out of this broad thesis comes Jung's concept of "participation" and the *participation mystique*. This latter term applies to a form of fusion between the individual psyche and various types of group images which in effect come to exercise forms of domination over the individual. The degree to which the individual is free from the demands of these group images, to which he can divorce himself from the *participation mystique* vary greatly. (Neumann, as we will see presently, extends this line of analysis.) The creation of the individual personality arises from the inability of the group images to exercise complete psychic control.

According to Jung, psychic energy transfers are involved in the relationship between the collective and individual unconscious. Surpluses are produced and channeled into social inter-relationships, usually in symbolic form. In briefest terms, this is the causation of culture. Psychic energy transformed into symbol is observable through the mytheopoetic realm.

The process of individuation of the personality is paralleled by the history of

the consciousness of the race, and this collective process is viewed through archetypal cores that reappear also in symbolic form. Jung calls these "motifs" and holds them to be universal, and from this implies the universality of human nature.

IN HIS BOOK *The Origins and History of Consciousness*,⁸ Erich Neumann discusses the relationship between the psychic structure of the group and individual and the phenomenon of leadership. He describes the formation of the group as "dependent upon the existence of *participation mystique* between its members, upon unconscious projection processes" of "emotional significance."⁹ "Hence," he comments, "the group in our sense of the word is a psychological unit with a permanent character, whether natural or institutional, both contrasting with the associations of masses."¹⁰

Analyzing at considerable length the group-individual relationship and the psychological causation for the leadership motive and phenomenon, Neumann develops a hierarchy of leadership types—which he terms "Great Individuals." The lowest element in the hierarchy is the Great Individual who is a "passive carrier of projections," or, in other words, an individual whose conscious mind and personality stand in no kind of relationship to what is projected upon him. Neumann illustrates this type by the widespread institution of symbolic sacrificial victims who serve as representations of the god itself. Here we see the active projection of an unconscious group-content upon an individual who thereby becomes a Great Individual.

"On a rather higher level," Neumann observes, "stands the individual whose personality is possessed directly by the unconscious content—spirit, demon, God—even when his conscious mind does not participate in its assimilation or interpretation."¹¹ Continuing upward in the hier-

archy, Neumann describes another type: "the mediumistic *Fuhrer* figure, the hypnotized hypnotist, likewise falls into a lower category of medicine men, for whom the daemonism of the Great Individual is simply a means for the self-daemonization of the mass, and whose significance as the individual personality is submerged, like that of a madman, in his function as a mere mouthpiece of the unconscious."¹²

Finally, there are the higher types of the Great Individual. These are indeed "great men," distinguished from the lower echelons by the fact that "their conscious mind actively participates in the process and adopts a responsible attitude toward it." The lower orders fail to gain this freedom through individualism. The true Great Individual, argues Neumann, "is characterized not only by the fact that the unconscious content has him in its grip, but by the fact that his conscious mind also has an active grip on the content." This freedom and equilibrium permits, is even the source of, creativity. "This category of Great Individuals serves as a model for the development of individuality in humankind generally."¹³

One passage in Neumann's analysis bears lengthy quotation:

The average ego, the average individual remains fixed in the group, although in the course of development he is compelled to give up the original security of the unconscious, to evolve a conscious system, and to take upon himself all the complications and sufferings which such development entails. For the primary security of the unconscious he exchanges the secondary security of the group. He becomes a group member, an essential part of his development — adapting to the group and allowing himself to be molded by its collective trends.¹⁴

From this picture of the "average" per-

sonality, Neumann summarizes the role played by society as representing the force of the collective unconscious. Neumann holds this role to be "decisive." "Society, with its conscious postulates," he writes, "sets up an authority, a spiritual tradition which, spoken or unspoken, forms the background of education. The individual is molded by the collective through its ethos, its customs, laws, morality, its ritual and religion, its institutions and collective undertakings."¹⁵

FROM THE THEORIES of Jung and Neumann, sketchily indicated, some implications for conservatism might be drawn:

First, the Jungian concept of personality recognizes and accounts for the decisive non-rational component in human nature and provides an explanation for the forms of mass political and social behavior that have been the traditional concern of conservatism.

Second, Jung and Neumann give a psychologically provocative theory of social hierarchy and the necessity and requirements of rational leadership.

Third, analytical psychology posits a case for the nature of culture and cultural autonomy, and thus frees theories of the generic growth of culture from the psychological reductionism and cultural relativisms so repugnant to conservatives.

Fourth, the theory of the *participation mystique*, standing between licentious individualism and the juggernaut-like "general will," explains the nature of social cohesion through the processes of group-individual identifications and projections.

Fifth, Jung boldly offers an account of the birth of consciousness, of personality, and offers historical parallels. Neumann goes beyond this point by interpreting individual symbolism in terms of creation-myths explanatory of the collective unconscious.

Sixth, the analytical psychologists by giving attention to the non-cognitive elements in human personality have restored myth, symbol, poetry, religious expression, and other like concerns to serious attention.

The nagging problem persists: Who is going to put man back together again? Perhaps, even put him back together on a sounder basis? Christianity, for all its considerable contribution to the civilizing of Western culture, is so caught in the web of historical dogma and archaic metaphysics that it appears unable to undertake the task: conservatives, in my opinion, must recognize this stubborn and saddening fact. The loyalty and reverence which elevate the conservative mind must be tempered with the equally conservative traits of realism and unsentimental discipline. In rejecting the Christian philosophy of personality, conservatism does not make a ruthless and intemperate break with historical tradition nor does it need to flee from spiritual values. Jung has revived substantial elements of Platonism with great vigor. His concept of personality embraces with profound sensitivity the wisdom of the historical process, and he stands virtually shoulder-to-shoulder with Burke in recognizing the latent intelligence and spirituality of the race below and beyond the cognitive level. No voice has been raised more effectively against the shallow rationalisms of contemporary thought than that of Jung and his followers; and they give hope to those of the conservative opinion who rest uneasy in the Christian tradition and yet refuse to be led down the road of barren positivism.

Despite his uneasiness, the conservative is prone to turn a deaf ear and to repeat with growing disquiet and restlessness the shaky dogma of religious traditionalism. But if he takes his own advice seriously and proposes to minister to the ills of a growingly feverish society, he must arm

himself with a far fuller understanding of the human personality and one broadening out toward a more integrated conceptualization. The revival of political philosophizing is very possibly coupled with the revivification of conservative alternatives, but both await the development of a more adequate philosophy of personality.

¹This general position is expounded by such diverse figures (not all of whom call themselves "conservative") as T. S. Eliot, Russell Kirk, Eric Voegelin, Reinhold Niebuhr, and John Hallowell. Cf. Eliot, *The Idea of a Christian Society* (1940); Kirk, *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice* (1956); Voegelin, *Order and History* (1956-57); Niebuhr, *The Nature and Destiny of Man* (1941-43); Hallowell, *Main Currents in Modern Political Thought* (1950).

²It is perhaps of interest to point out the scant attention paid to the tradition of religious skepticism in conservative thought. Note is made of Norman R. Phillips' article, "The Conservative Implications of Skepticism," *Journal of Politics*, Vol. XVI, No. 1 (February, 1956), pp. 28-38.

³As a sample of this I recommend Morris Ryskind's article "They'll Never Get Me on That Couch," *National Review*, Vol. I, No. 1, (November 19, 1955), pp. 21-23.

⁴Even Freud himself was not immune to the temptations of editorializing on the base of his theories; his later years featured somewhat reckless adventures outside the realm of clinical therapy such as *Moses and Monotheism*, *The Future of an Illusion*, and *Civilization and Its Discontents*. These works would provide a most unreliable guide to Freudian thought.

⁵Ira Progoff, *Jung's Psychology and Its Social Meaning* (New York: Grove Press, 1953), p. xvii.

⁶C. G. Jung, *The Psychology of the Unconscious*, trans. B. M. Hinkle, (rev. ed.; New York: Dodd Mead, 1949), p. 199.

⁷While Jung does not develop a systematic cosmology, it is evident from his writings that he conceives of a kind of pan-psychist universe upon which he imposes an almost Kantian epistemology.

⁸Erich Neumann, *The Origins and History of Consciousness*, trans. R. F. C. ("Bollingen Foundation Series," XLII) (New York: Pantheon, 1954).

⁹*Ibid.*, p. 421.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 422.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 423-24.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 425.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 426.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 427.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 427.

Piedmont Every Friday

MARIE CHAY

For old Luisa nothing was more important than roast kid at Easter.

EACH YEAR, for the ten days or so before Easter, my grandmother fretted that Toscano, the peg-legged man, wouldn't come up to the mining camp of Berger's Draw with her *cravots*. Foreigners, as she thought of Americans, might be content with ham for Easter. Some of them might even feel that only a leg of lamb was traditional, but to my Piedmontese grandmother, Easter wasn't Easter unless she had *cravot rosti*. Without her roast kid, Easter would have been no more of a festival day than the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving, two holidays she has made a great point of never celebrating during her sixty-five-year stay in America.

"Why won't Toscano come?" my grandfather would ask her each year.

"He probably forgot what day Easter is this year."

My grandfather laughed at this. "Not

Toscano," he assured her. "He knows where his pocketbook is."

"Oh, I don't know," my grandmother would then say, looking distracted. "I just feel that he won't come."

"But why?"

"He's probably gone back to Tuscany, that's why," my grandmother would answer. "Back to his home and his people," she would add, looking sad and yet envious. "And here we are, Paul, in a foreign land still where we'll probably always be."

My grandparents had been in this country for some thirty-five years by then, but my grandmother still considered the move from Piedmont a temporary one and she lived accordingly, sure that by next year or the one after that, she and my grandfather would be on their way back to Piedmont, which they hadn't seen since they left it in the 'nineties.

Each year, though, Toscano turned up on time two or three days before Easter, just as he always did. My grandfather said at this time that it was hard to tell whether my grandmother was relieved to see him so her Easter dinner wouldn't be

spoiled, or whether she was disappointed that he hadn't been able "to go home."

Easter wasn't the only time Toscano came to Berger's Draw. That was just his special trip. Every Friday, during the spring, summer, and fall, Toscano, his horses, and wagon climbed the ten steep, winding miles up the mountains from Tulipán, the county seat. In the winter, he only came once a month and that on a day which was fairly warm and sunny, so that his arrival then was always unexpected.

In the summer time, Toscano stayed outside in the courtyard, but during the winter, he always came in the kitchen of my grandmother's boarding house for some of my grandfather's homemade wine and a few of my grandmother's "garcing"—long, thin breadsticks so crisp that they shattered when one bit into them.

While Toscano rested and dipped his "garcing" carefully into his glass of wine, he and my grandmother told each other again all about Tuscany and Piedmont while neither one listened to the other.

"It's their way of going home again," my grandfather used to say to the boarders.

It was true that after one of Toscano's visits, when my grandmother had mentioned again the Alps, Turin, the pride of Piedmont, the River Po with its rice fields, the silk worms sawing away at tons of fresh mulberry leaves, and the names of people she had known "at home," she did feel better and was more cheerful for days and much easier to live with.

"I hope Toscano's wife too has a few days of peace," my grandfather said to the boarders.

ON EACH OF HIS TRIPS, no matter what the season, Toscano brought Italian groceries which he bought at the Martini Brothers' warehouse in Tulipán, and also goat cheeses made from the milk of his own

animals. In addition, he brought imported cheeses made from the milk of full-blooded Italian cows; black and green olives soaked in oil and garlic; olive oil; Fernet to keep the boarders' stomachs healthy or to cure their indigestion when they weren't healthy; Brioschi's magnesia which my grandmother considered a healthful, refreshing drink, almost as good as Fernet for curing anything; mortadella for the miners' lunch buckets, and so on. He also had salami, wine vinegar, and dried mushrooms, three things my grandmother never bought, for she considered any Piedmontese indolent who would buy them.

She and my grandfather made the first two, and during the summer the two of them went looking for mushrooms on Sunday at the base of Fisher's Peak. What mushrooms weren't eaten fresh then, she dried for winter use.

"Only buy what you can't make or grow yourself, or what you can't find outside growing wild," was her motto. Watercress and dandelion greens for salads also came under this heading.

Every few months, for my grandmother's boarding house, Toscano brought up a barrel of pickled eels and a keg of salted anchovies. Now and then, he surprised her by bringing up a little keg of frogs' legs, or two or three dozen "larks" which were really robins. These came in bunches of six, twelve, or eighteen, their feet tied and threaded through a slender stick, their tiny, plucked bodies seeming indecent as they hung, beaks half-open, wings drooping, more vulnerable and pathetic than any other of the game birds.

Seeing the robins which weren't the larks of Piedmont, my grandmother would begin to cry and say in a doleful voice, "Ah, Toscano, Toscano, ai nostri monti, ritorneremo?" Then, taking a corner of her long, full, dark apron, she crumpled it up and pressed it against her mouth.

"La forza del destino, Luisa," Toscano would say to her in a sad voice and then slap his left leg which was a wooden stump from the knee down. "Due anni, Luisa," he said to her, once again going over the story of his life. "Two years. That's all I gave myself when I came down from Tuscany to work in the mines. In two years I would go home a millionaire. I wasn't yet sixteen then."

Toscano stopped and glanced at my grandmother who was watching him, absorbed, waiting for him to go on, just as though she had never heard the story. "Before I was eighteen," Toscano said "I had already left a leg in the mine."

"Misericordia!" my grandmother said, looking toward heaven and pressing her palms together, fingers up. "Oh the things one sees happen in this terra crudela. Cruel, cruel land!"

"What was I to do," Toscano went on, "poor, alone and a cripple, after what that bastarda did to me? I went to work for the Fratelli Martini—the grandparents, sapete—and when I had saved a little, I bought a horse and wagon and went around from camp to camp the same as now. After a while I got two horses and finally a little ranch and my goats, and now here I am."

"But it won't always be this way, Toscano," my grandmother assured him. "Some day we'll go home, both of us, you to your hills in Tuscany, and I to my Alps in Piedmont."

"Another year, Luisa, and I'll finally have enough to leave here forever," Toscano said each year. "Who will bring *cravots* for Easter then, I don't know."

My grandmother assured him that that was no concern of either of them, for she, too, would soon be on a ship going to Europe.

"We'll finally buy the other half of that round trip ticket," Toscano said, smiling. "Mine has been waiting even longer than

yours, Luisa. Forty-seven years."

Thus cheered, my grandmother was now ready to examine Toscano's wagon-load of food and to spar with him on prices, skillful bargaining being a specialty of hers.

WHEN TOSCANO CAME with his groceries the week before Easter, he always admonished my grandmother and all the other Piedmontese women to buy for two weeks because when he came again, just before Easter, he would not have any groceries.

"The week *after* Easter, donne, yes. Then I'll have your groceries again, but *not* next time," he told them each year, just as though they were little girls who had to be constantly reminded.

On Toscano's trip just a few days before Easter, everyone in Berger's Draw knew when he reached the top of the mesa which led down into the mining camp. The noise was faint at first and wavering, then steady when he stopped his horses to let them rest on the mesa and then louder and louder the closer he came down into the camp.

On his wagon this time were about fifteen small cages piled one on the other and tied securely to the wagon bed. Four baby goats of various colors were stuffed in each cage. The little goats never stopped bleating from the time they left their mothers at Toscano's small ranch in the pines and pinons near Tulipán until they got to Berger's Draw, ten miles away. By then they were hoarse but still unbearably noisy, yet Toscano, as he drove through the center of the camp, always rang his bell to announce his arrival as he did all during the year; but this time he also shouted, "*Capretti, Capretti!*"—none of which was heard by anyone above the noise of the kids bleating for their mothers.

Just before Toscano stopped at my grandmother's boarding house, which he

did first of all even though it was at the end of the camp, he changed his shout to "*Cravots! Cravots!*" in deference to her "provincialism," as my grandfather called it, about Piedmont.

My grandmother, who bought half-a-dozen of the little animals, would be out in the courtyard waiting for Toscano, marveling that he had finally come. In spite of the terrible racket, she would examine each little goat carefully and shrewdly and then shout which one she wanted, pointing at the same time.

Toscano would pull out the one she wanted, hold its hind legs tightly between his good leg and his wooden stump, the kid's ears in his left hand, which also held the head back. He then pulled a medium long knife from a strap around his wooden leg—"There, it won't hurt me, Paul, if I have an accident," he used to say to my grandfather if he happened to be around—grip the knife firmly, and look up at my grandmother.

His limp handlebar mustache gave his face even more of a resigned look than it would have had without it. On the trip just before Easter, his face always seemed especially forlorn.

"E, cosa vole, Luisa?" he said in a quavering voice just before, as he said, he became a murderer. "Even some of us are obliged to die young."

With a swift motion of his knife, he slit the little goat's throat, holding it over a pan my grandmother had brought out to collect the blood for the *tourta d'saingue*, the blood pudding, she made for Easter breakfast.

When the blood had all drained out, tumbling out at first, then slowing up to a drizzle, and finally to fast drops, Toscano skinned the animal—head and feet also for use in my grandmother's head cheese—and slit open its stomach. This, he cleaned out thoroughly, picking out the innards my

grandmother wanted, and then going on to the next goat my grandmother had selected.

During all this time, Toscano shouted news of Tulipán to my grandmother, who was never sure she heard him right, though she later reported to her friends what she thought Toscano had said, much to my grandfather's concern.

When Toscano finally left, the noise from the animals as loud as ever even minus six of them, my grandfather said that all Toscano took away were the pelts and some money.

ONE YEAR TOSCANO still had not come the Friday evening before Easter, and my grandmother began to get really worried. "He's gone, he's gone!" she insisted to my grandfather as he was getting ready to go to work early Saturday morning. "I know it. He finally went home, and here we are."

My grandfather had long ago given up trying to show her that Berger's Draw was home, so he just nodded and said he was sure Toscano would come that day. Something had just happened to delay him. My grandmother, though, knew it wasn't so.

About one o'clock some of the little boys in the camp insisted they could hear the bleats of the baby goats, far off, and so all the Piedmontese waited, listening. Soon even the grown-ups could hear the noise.

When she thought it was time for Toscano to come around the curve toward her boarding house, my grandmother went out into the courtyard to wait as she always did.

"*Capretti, capretti!*" came the shout, along with the furious ringing of a cowbell, quite unlike Toscano's slow, rhythmic rings.

"Toscano is getting old," my grandmother said to herself. "His hand is trembling." It half annoyed her that he hadn't changed his cry to "*Cravots!*" but that, too, she quickly blamed on his age.

The bleating of the baby goats became louder and louder, and suddenly, around the curve which led to the boarding house, my grandmother saw a Model-T truck loaded with boxes of *cravots*.

"Maria Santissima!" she said out loud, and saw that there were two men on the seat and that the young one was driving. In a way she was happy to see that Toscano had a son helping him, something she had urged him to do long ago, but when the truck stopped in front of the courtyard, she noticed that the old man too was a stranger.

"Did Toscano go home?" my grandmother asked above the din after she had greeted the two strangers.

"Si, a casa," the old man who was to do the killing said, tilting his head back a little and closing his eyes.

"That's right," replied the young man, who had told my grandmother that he was not Toscano's son but his grandson. "At home."

"Ah, che bel, che bel!" my grandmother said to herself, happy for Toscano but sad for herself. "He always wanted to go home to Tuscany," she said to the two men, "and now he's there. Oh, that Paul and I could be next."

The grandson looked at her and then at the old man who looked back at him. "Perhaps we didn't understand each other, Signora," the old man shouted, motioning with his head and arm toward the load of goats. "Toscano died four days ago in Tulipán."

My grandmother couldn't believe it. "But I saw him only a week ago, a week ago yesterday," she said, as though to convince them they were wrong.

"He was old, Signora," the old man answered. "My brother was six years older than I. When it's that way, it's any minute."

"Your brother?" my grandmother asked.

The old man nodded. "But in this country instead of at home," my grandmother went on in despair, her voice shrill as she tried to go above the noise from the truck. "Oh, miseria!"

The grandson thought to comfort my grandmother by explaining that his grandfather *did* die at home in his own bed. "At home, Signora, right at home," he repeated, but my grandmother looked at him as though she had not understood. "Before he died, he made us promise to come with the goats," the grandson went on, holding his hands over his ears and bending down to shout in my grandmother's ear. "He had given his word, he said, so here we are. But it's the last time," he shouted, straightening up and giving the little goats a weary look. "This is not for Americans. This is for the old country."

"E vero, vero, Signora," the old man said, nodding slowly.

My grandmother turned away and looked around the courtyard. "The old country," she said to herself.

WHEN MY GRANDFATHER and the boarders came home from work, they found my grandmother sitting at the kitchen table crying quietly, her hand smoothing the white-and-blue-checked oilcloth.

"He's dead, Paul," she said to my grandfather without looking up.

My grandfather was puzzled for a moment, but then seeing the two large dishpans with three kids in each one, he said, "He was old, Luisa. He couldn't go on forever."

"But he died without ever going home," my grandmother answered and looked up at my grandfather with a frightened look.

"He always thought he would," my grandfather answered, "and that's what counts; that's why he could go on so long."

"We'll have the same thing happen to

us, Paul," my grandmother said, still not consoled.

"You mustn't think that way, Luisa," my grandfather said, putting his arm over her shoulders and scolding her a little. "You must always think it will be different with us. Otherwise, you can't go on. That's the way Toscano thought—he always *knew* it would be different with him."

"But it wasn't!"

"But how did he *know* it wouldn't be? How do *we* know it won't be for us?" my grandfather asked, bending down and giving her a look full of earnestness.

My grandmother thought about this a while, and when my grandfather picked up one of the kids and turned it around to look at it, she began to look alive again.

"Well, these are the last *cravots rostis*

we'll ever have," she said. "I want them to be perfect so we'll remember them."

"They're always perfect, Luisa, when you cook them."

"But these last ones have to be special."

"Oh, we'll have others," my grandfather promised her.

"But not like these," my grandmother insisted. "Not like Toscano's."

"No, not like Toscano's," my grandfather admitted, knowing that for my grandmother going home to Piedmont every Friday was over. There would be no more respites for him, either, as there had been after each of Toscano's visits, and he was sorry for it. From now on, my grandmother was in America to stay, but it wouldn't be willingly or silently.

Business and the Plural Society

Talk about the welfare state—what about the welfare corporation?

THEODORE LEVITT

THE SHORT AND TURBULENT history of capitalism is a magnificent spectacle, not only because of its organizing and productive efficacy, but also because of its remarkable capacity to adjust to and thrive under the most infelicitous conditions.

From its very beginning its practitioners and advocates have countered all criticism and legislative restrictions with unrestrained alarm, anxiously contending that tinkering with the system's primeval purity would strangle and forthwith destroy it.

Yet here we are today, and nationalization and prophetic gloom notwithstanding, where capitalism survives it is stronger, more productive, more confident than ever before. There's an awful lot of talk about how compromised it has become under the onslaught of reformers and politicians, but still it thrives. Private enterprise has demonstrated not only its very considerable survival power, but perhaps as important, its astonishing ideological agility.

Look briefly at the American case. Little more than a half-century ago, a prominent tycoon is said to have answered his critics

with this famous declaration: "The public be damned." In those days businessmen apologized for nothing. John D. Rockefeller, with classic faith in a fair but firm deity, said simply: "God Almighty gave me my money." And it made a Calvinist kind of specious sense, for if God had not approved of Rockefeller's sometimes questionable business methods, he obviously would not have permitted Rockefeller to acquire all that cash. Since he acquired a great deal, he must have been greatly blessed.

In those unselfconscious days the profit motive was a perfectly respectable article of faith — simple, clear, direct, unpartisan, and amoral; perfectly suited for men of precisely those characteristics. But in recent years a great many ideological contaminations have been introduced into capitalism's simple rhetoric — and all by its own practitioners.

Indeed, today it is a hallmark of managerial progressiveness to be not simply a sound and solid executive, but a social philosopher and practicing do-gooder as well. The new orthodoxy preached by business leaders themselves is not that the business of business is profit, but rather to

serve the general welfare. In spite of all the hair-raising images that its critics are conjuring up about the knavish and materialistic extravagancies of business enterprise, the fact is that big business has become a watered-down prototype of its more outspoken past. Pure-and-simple profit-making is no longer an entirely satisfactory or respectable motive. Unless profit-seeking has a proper regard for some socially edifying antecedent value, it is simply not *de rigueur* among the emancipated spokesmen of modern capitalism.

There is something in business besides business itself, the world's most powerful executives declare. "We must recognize the human values and relationships involved," Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. said while board chairman of the General Motors Corporation, a company not noted for its utopian or socialistic propensities. Getting even more self-consciously self-searching, the vice-president of a large life insurance company declared that business is primarily an attempt to fulfill the spiritual significance of the individual and his society.

A swelling retinue of introspective corporate managers echo these sentiments all over the world. Business, it is fervently affirmed, must become socially responsible. Significantly, this talk is not merely for public relations show, designed to keep the politicians and professional detractors at bay. It is deadly serious, and it is being translated into operating policies costing hard cash.

Note the proliferating galaxy of corporate involvements in employee-welfare plans, the human relations practices, recreational programs, educational donations, and community service activities of endless variety. This is not limited to avant-garde corporations trying to get their names into the history books, or to American companies. It is general and world wide—and it

is full of ominous and frightening prospects.

WE ALL FEAR an omnipotent state because it creates a dull and oppressive conformity—a monolithic society with one locus of power, one authority, one arbiter of propriety. We want and need variety, diversity, spontaneity, competition—in short, pluralism.

But at the rate we are going there is a good chance that business, with all its statesmanlike good intentions and welfare involvements, may create the corporate equivalent of the unitary state or the medieval Church. It could eventually invest itself with all-embracing social responsibilities, obligations, and, finally, powers—ministering to the whole man and molding him and society in the image of its own narrow ambitions and its essentially unsocial needs.

The belief that one private institution should serve and thereby shape the complete lives of its members is by no means new either to American or European society. In the European experience there are numerous examples of men of the highest good-will establishing all sorts of neo-feudal communities where the reigning monarch has been a benevolent business establishment spreading its protective gospel over the entire population. Perhaps the most famous and probably most elevated of these was Robert Owen's New Lanark experiment in early nineteenth-century Britain.

Coming directly to our own time, there is the highly publicized case of the Olivetti Corporation in Italy. Here is a company that virtually dominates and shapes the lives of its employees in Ivrea, Italy. It is an emancipated version of the company town that flourished in the coal-mining areas of America until relatively recently. The mining companies built communities

from bottom up, owning everything—houses, stores, schools, and even churches, not to mention the local governments. Their immigrant-labor inhabitants lived hand to mouth, paycheck to paycheck, in constant debt to their employers, neither free nor slave, neither able effectively to protest nor to leave.

The Olivetti situation is nothing as bad as all that. The late Adriano Olivetti, former chief executive of the company, was a businessman of noble, progressive, humanitarian, and artistic temperament. While he controlled and very nearly owned Ivrea, he lifted the lives of its inhabitants to unparalleled heights of material welfare, cultural achievement, and spiritual well-being. For all this he was soundly applauded by liberals throughout the world and copied by his corporate peers. Yet it has nothing but the bleakest implications.

Like any good inventor of an uplifting social doctrine, Signor Olivetti understandably wanted to universalize his emancipating message. So there is now an Olivetti political party that controls the governments of forty surrounding communities. Yet as a political party born and rooted in the materialistic context of business, it has the makings of a quasi-feudal, pseudo-capitalist, neo-syndicalist monstrosity. The fact that it has nothing but the highest good intentions for the people's welfare is precisely where the evil lies.

In the old-fashioned company town there was at least the purifying abrasiveness of self-willed discontent. At Olivetti there is nothing but narcotic peace, magnificently sustained by attractive and comfortable corporate housing, modern corporate health services, corporate nursery schools, and the highest pay in the industry. The corporate ministration to the whole man is complete—not simply in its commendable provision of material benefits from cradle to grave, but also its more influential provision of

the less tangible amenities of cultural, educational, recreational, and ideological life. Is *this* the logical ultimate of socially responsible business enterprise?

In America and elsewhere certain labor unions are deliberately setting about doing much the same. Mr. Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers runs night schools, "drop-in" centers for retired members, recreation halls; supports grocery cooperatives; publishes and broadcasts household hints, recipes, and fashion news; and runs dozens of social, recreational, political, and action programs that provide something for every member of the family every hour of the day. Other unions are similarly occupied.

Thus the union is transformed in such cases from an important and desirable economic functional group into an all-knowing, all-doing, all-wise father on whom millions become directly dependent for womb-to-tomb ministration.

This is the kind of monolithic influence the corporations will eventually have if they become so preoccupied with their social burden, with employee welfare, community affairs, and with the body politic. But when the corporation does this, it will be much more thorough than the union, as Olivetti has so clearly shown. The corporation is more protean and potentially more powerful than any democratic union ever dreamed of being. It is a self-made incubator and instrument of strength, more stable and better able to draw and hold a following than the union. It creates its own capital and its own power by the sheer accident of doing what it is expected to do. By contrast, the union can do nothing unless the corporation successfully exists first. The union is, by comparison, an essentially luxury institution, not a necessity.

If the corporate ministry of man turns out to be only half as pervasive as it seems destined, it will turn into an elaborate en-

terprise of encompassing proportions. Whatever its animating good intentions, the crucial point is that we do not want a monolithic society, even a benevolent one. Moreover, an institution's behavior in the pluralistic, competitive past is no guarantee of its behavior once it reaches complete ascendance.

THE TROUBLE TODAY is not so much that government is becoming a player rather than an umpire, or that it is a huge welfare colossus dipping into every nook and cranny of our lives. The trouble is that all major functional groups—business, labor, and government—are each trying so piously to outdo the other in intruding themselves into what should be our private lives. Each seeks to extend its own narrow tyranny over the widest possible range of our institutions, people, ideas, values, and beliefs, and all for the purest motives—to do what it honestly believes is best for society.

It is, of course, perfectly legitimate for each group to fight for its survival by seeking to influence others. But somehow the past decade has produced a new twist: self-serious self-righteousness. And there is nothing more dangerous than the sincere, self-righteous, dedicated proselyte sustained by the mighty machinery of a powerful institution—particularly an economic institution.

So far the movement of big business social consciousness and social service is young and fairly unpretentious. But when it really gathers momentum and becomes thoroughly professionalized its success will be unbounded. The corporation is not handicapped by the cumbersome authority that has always characterized the church and the state. It can make its authority sweet as honey by making itself, as Olivetti has done, the embodiment of material welfare, unbounded security, decorous comfort, amusing diversion, healthful recrea-

tion, and edifying ideology. It will be far more efficient and powerful than the medieval Church.

It may have no intention of doing this (and I believe it has no such intention) but what we get is seldom what we plan. History is fortuitous. It does not move on tracks made by rational social engineers.

Welfare and society are not the corporation's business. Its business is making money, not sweet music. The same goes for unions. Their business is "bread and butter" and job rights. In a free enterprise system, welfare is supposed to be automatic. Where it is not, that becomes government's job. That is the idea of pluralism. Government's job is not business, and business's job is not government. The same goes for trade unions. Unless these functions are resolutely separated in all respects, they are eventually combined in every respect. In the end the danger is not that government will run business or labor, or that business or labor will run government, but rather that any two or three of them will coalesce into a single power, unopposed and unopposable.

But if business is not to preach and practice social responsibility, welfare, and self-restraint, it may legitimately ask: "How else can we effectively deal with our critics, the political attacks, the confining legislation?" The answer is simple: to perform its main task so well that critics cannot make their charges stick, and then to assert forthrightly its functions and accomplishments with the same aroused spirit that made nineteenth-century capitalism as great as it was extreme.

AN INDICATION OF how remarkably effective really solid devotion to the main profit-building job can be in dissuading political attack and legislative onslaught is provided by several American companies. Take the American Telephone and Telegraph Com-

pany. Here is a private enterprise enjoying what amounts to a natural monopoly in nationwide telephone service. Over fifty years ago its then president Mr. Theodore Vail recognized its vulnerability to nationalization. He determined to fight that vulnerability by something better than simply propaganda claims and denouncing the company's critics as socialist and un-American. He established a policy which has to this day kept it free of the slightest demand for nationalization. While reformers single out less eligible companies for government ownership, AT & T is *never* mentioned. The reason is Vail's successful profit-making formula of uncompromising devotion to taking care of the customer's needs. Here are the rules he laid down:

1. Dedicated, no-quibbling, all-out, and dignified service to the customer. Nothing would not be done, no excuses were to be offered, and in the company's direct contact with customers, they were to be treated with royal regard and served with dispatch.

2. AT & T was to undertake a continuous and vigorous program of product improvement and communications innovation—bringing the results to the public as fast and as cheaply as possible. While American railroads sat back, fat and self-satisfied as airlines and trucks stole their business, AT & T, with no competitors, was being restless, creative, productive, and an enormously good provider.

3. The company management was to make it an uncompromisable duty to provide service wherever it was demanded, regardless of difficulties and cost; and it was to assume the obligation of finding the necessary capital and making the necessary profit to do the job—without running to government for subsidies and handouts.

The merits of this policy are magnificently self-evident.

A similar American example is the du Pont company. Here is an enormous giant. Yet in spite of anti-trust attacks, no American can be made to believe that duPont is bad. It has helped satisfy people's material needs far beyond anything they ever expected. The evidence is all around.

By contrast, look at the banks—both in the United States and Europe. Their ubiquitous and somberly dressed officers sit imperiously behind marble pillars while patrons are expected to come grovelling up on hands and knees to beg for their favors. No wonder nobody likes bankers.

Interestingly, bankers are in the forefront of enunciating the doctrine of socially responsible business enterprise. Yet if they and their brethren in this new ideological dispensation were a little more seriously profit-oriented, perhaps they would do the kinds of sensible customer-serving, business-building things that would really keep the critics at bay. The critics attack only the vulnerable, those whom the public dislikes in the first place.

I AM NOT ARGUING that management should ignore its critics. Some of them have made a good case against business's social delinquencies and against its shortsightedness in fighting practically all of government's efforts to provide security and welfare. Nor am I arguing that management should not look to the welfare of its employees. Quite the contrary. Corporate welfare makes good sense *if* it makes good economic sense—and not infrequently it does. But if something does not make economic sense, sentiment and idealism ought not to let it in the door. Sentiment is a corrupting influence in business. It can confuse the role of the businessman just as much as the profit motive could confuse the role of the government official. The governing rule in industry should be that something is good only if it pays. Otherwise it is alien and

impermissible. That is the rule of capitalism and of good management.

If the public wants protection against the uneven consequences of all-out capitalism, let it run to its unions and to government. If business wants protection against unions and government, let it fight for its cause on the open battlefield of manful contention—on the front of economic performance and political pressures. We are not back in the nineteenth century with its uneven matching of economic and political functional groups. Business, government, and unions are now each big and powerful enough to take care of themselves.

Business will have a much better chance of surviving if there is no nonsense about its goals—that is, if long-run profit maximization is the one dominating objective in practice as well as in theory. It should let government take care of general welfare so that business can take care of the more material aspects of welfare.

If the all-out competitive prescription sounds austere or harsh, that is only because we persist in judging things by utopian standards. Altruism, self-denial, charity, and similar values are vital in certain walks of life—areas which, because of that fact, are more important to the long-run future than business. But for the most part those virtues are alien to competitive economics.

If it sounds callous to hold such a view, and suicidal to publicize it, that is only because business has done nothing to prepare the community to agree with it. That was certainly the case in Britain when the Labor Party took over fifteen years ago. But even worse, business had lost the initiative because it had ceased properly to deliver the goods. It had failed to provide itself with an adequate succession for the vigorous and venturesome generations that had made nineteenth-century Britain the magnificent economic colossus that it was.

It had become stale, soft, ingrown, content, and dead on its feet. Only its detractors thrived; and a good many of its practitioners actually felt that under the circumstances the critics had a pretty good point.

IN THE END, business has only two responsibilities—to obey the elementary canons of everyday civility (honesty, good faith, and so on) and to seek material gain. The fact that it is the butt of demagogical critics is no reason for management to lose its nerve—to buckle under to reformers—lest more severe restrictions emerge to throttle business completely. Few people will man the barricades against capitalism if it is a good provider, minds its own business, and supports government in the things which are properly government's. We live in a world of pragmatic values. It is by your accomplishments, not your protestations, that you are known.

Lord Acton has said that history sacrificed freedom by grasping at impossible justice. This may have special application to the present, where well-intentioned do-gooders often refuse to recognize that the uncompromising quest for perfect justice has produced some of history's most corrosively anti-democratic consequences. It is well to remember that in the entire procession of democratic revolutions and reform, the more passionate the demands for equity and justice the more inequitous and unjust have been their consequences. The most recent example is the Castro revolution in Cuba. The Russian revolution is a more profoundly distressing example. The Jacobean nightmare to which the French revolution descended is an earlier example, and it was in part modeled after the bloody fruit of Cromwell's revolution, which was in turn modeled after a long line of predecessors.

The state can be a powerful auxiliary to the achievement of the good life. But it

must remain only an auxiliary. It can easily go too far, especially when the rest of the society is constantly groping and fumbling toward the achievement of that kind of life. In social and economic affairs, as in love, the chase yields as much satisfaction as the realization. The fact that the society is actively groping and fumbling toward the good life is better evidence of its actual existence than is its alleged realization through the benediction of the state.

The state can provide only that kind of goodness it is given to those who run the state to see as being good. It is well for reformers and businessmen who call for more socially responsible business practices to recognize that the same thing holds true for businessmen. It holds for any other kind of narrow functional group. The current preoccupation of businessmen with their social responsibility seems intent on adding its own caveat to Lord Acton's unhappy consequence. The fact is, this new gospel of business selflessness is inappropriate, ineffective, and dangerous.

A good example of the danger is what happened to the Greyhound Corporation a few years ago. A group of stockholders instituted legal action to force the management to abandon racial segregation on its buses. The Securities and Exchange Commission finally ruled that no such action could be brought because, under the law of the land, the corporation is a business run for profit, not social reform. Does man-

agement want to be saddled with a contrary ruling? How would the rest of society feel about General Motors turning itself into a reform agency? Reform for whom?

Much of today's talk of business statesmanship sounds as if top executives believe their companies are indeed instruments of social reform and humanitarian uplift. If business keeps talking the way it has for the past few years, one day it will convince the courts of its selfless purposes, and the Greyhound decision will be reversed. On that day the interpretation of the laws to which the private business corporation owes its existence will move completely from the present "enabling act" theory and to the theory of "social responsibility." From that day on social responsibility will be the inflexible law of the land. Capitalism will then be required to be motivated by goodness, not gain, by service, not selfishness.

On that fateful day capitalism will start being less a system of economic organization and more a brotherhood of welfare. But the shape of welfare will take that form which it is given to the nation's business leaders to see welfare. Moreover, since a nation's economic affairs inescapably exercise a powerful influence on the form and tone of the whole society, everything will be more forcefully brought into the narrow ideological mold of those who ran the economic system. Is this the pseudo-syndicalist disaster toward which the well-intentioned gospel of social responsibility is leading us?

John Dewey used the word "democracy" in at least thirty different ways. Added up, they constituted a totalitarian ideology.

The Concept of Democracy and John Dewey

CLARENCE B. CARSON

ONE OF THE MOST OFTEN USED words in the current American (and world) vocabulary is *democracy*. It adorns the titles of books and textbooks, is the staple concept of political speeches, provides the ballast for propaganda, is the subject of prayers by ministers, and is the basic assumption of social commentaries and polemics. It is almost invariably used approvingly, serving as the criterion against which events, developments, practices, and institutions are measured. A desirable program of action is called "democratic," one which is opposed is called "undemocratic." There is nothing particularly strange about this usage; it supposedly serves to denote an agreed-upon set of values.

But what are these agreed-upon values? The trouble enters at this point, for democracy is one of the most vague and imprecise words in our vocabulary. It has lost

most if not all of its descriptive value. Contrariwise, it has picked up meaning in some kind of inverse proportion to its loss of descriptive accuracy. Democracy, as a word, is full to overflowing with meaning or, more correctly, with meanings. It is so full of meanings that it has the long distance accuracy of a shotgun, as it were, in precise expression. It has become a loaded word.

Before examining the consequences of this development the word needs first to be unpacked of its meanings. Democracy must first be defined so that the basic definition can be set beside the accretions of meanings attached to it.

Democracy was originally an exclusively political concept. The first-listed definitions in recent dictionaries preserve this sense of the word. The *New Twentieth Century Dictionary* (unabridged) gives as the first

definition of democracy: "Government by the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the people collectively." The first meaning in the *American College Dictionary* is "Government by the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is vested in the people and exercised by them or by their elected agents under a free electoral system." In essence, both dictionaries have said that democracy primarily refers to a form of government in which the people rule. Etymologically, the word means simply rule by the people, the citizens, or the masses.

Even in the political sense, however, democracy has acquired additional connotations, overtones, and meanings. Textbooks in American government indicate this trend. For example, one recent textbook says that democracy means government by the many, government directed by the popular will, government in the interest of the people, government by the consent of the governed, "belief in the Christian ideal of the unique value and dignity of individual human beings," in human equality, and in the possession of certain human freedoms.¹ Another textbook includes, in addition to the usual meanings overlapping with some of the above, these two notions: a variety of particular programs, and limited government.²

Some of these meanings are not clearly related to the basic definition of democracy. For example, why is democratic government limited government? Because the people govern, it does not follow that they will automatically limit the exercise of power by their government. The limitations on the powers of government in the American political system were written into the Constitution, and these limits were conceived in the light of certain natural rights because they were believed to belong to man, not because they inhered in popu-

lar government. Rule by the people may not necessarily be founded on any "Christian ideal." What these authors are trying to do, of course, is to tell what democracy in America means to Americans, and, to some extent how it is practiced in America. They have confused it with American practices, adding to it associated meanings, and some which are not necessarily if at all related to it.

Thus far, democracy has been dealt with as a political concept. But it is by no means restricted to a political context in its present usage; it has ramified into all areas of life. It is true there is some imprecision in its use in the political context examined already, but this is negligible compared to the looseness which characterizes the general use of it.

THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE to discover this profusion of meanings and connotations attached to democracy than in the writings of John Dewey. His is the example par excellence of the extension of the meaning of democracy into every phase and activity of life. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a writer who has used the word democracy with a greater variety of meanings or with more imprecision.

For most men to use words imprecisely is not surprising, but for John Dewey to have done so is remarkable. Dewey was a philosopher, and philosophers have traditionally defined their key concepts carefully and rigidly, rigorously following their established definition. Yet Dewey's practice went directly counter to this. Democracy was one of his key concepts, if not *the* key concept. He used the word often enough. He wrote at least one book³ and numerous articles with democracy in the titles.⁴ In one article he used the words democratic and democracy twenty-nine times.⁵ Yet he concluded the article with this observation:

"I don't know just what democracy means in detail . . . at the present time. I make this humiliating confession the more readily because I suspect that nobody else knows what it means in full concrete detail."⁶ In short, Dewey did not define precisely one of his key concepts.

Nor does the difficulty in understanding the meaning which Dewey attached to words end with democracy; a similar imprecision was characteristic of most of his writing. Joseph W. Beach declared that Dewey's work showed "a lack of clearness, a lack of precision."⁷ Among the difficulties in his style, according to another critic, were "the use of familiar words with unfamiliar meanings; the use of words with pregnant meanings; the use of long, involved and highly concentrated sentences . . . ; the development of different important ideas in the same paragraph. . . ."⁸

All of this means that it is frequently impossible to determine the way in which he is using a word by its context. My aim here is to set forth the variety of meanings which Dewey attached to the word democracy, but some of his usages defy classification. For example, he asks the question: "How far is science taught in relation to its social consequences, actual and possible, if the resources which science puts at human disposal were utilized for general democratic social welfare?"⁹ Not only is the question indecipherable, but the meaning of "democratic" in this context is not available by analysis. Consequently, I have not attempted to classify this usage.

But without this particular enigmatic usage Dewey used democracy with an astounding array of connotations and associations. While my tally is not definitive, Dewey used the words democracy and democratic in at least thirty ways, either as meanings, connotations, significations, or associations. The meanings overlap, intertwine, and intermingle in an indistinct

fashion, but each of them has something which distinguishes it slightly from the other. Let us examine them.

DEMOCRACY, according to John Dewey, is:

1. a political system, involving such institutions as "universal suffrage, recurring elections, responsibility of those who are in political power to the voters. . . ."¹⁰

2. government by the consent of the governed.¹¹

3. an educational process.¹²

4. an educational principle.¹³

5. an educational system, one in which all participate in making the decision and all make contributions to the common life.¹⁴

6. a method, one of reaching decisions by discussion, voting and the acceptance of the majority view.¹⁵

7. constantly changing. As Dewey put it, "The very idea of democracy . . . must be continually explored afresh . . . to meet the changes that are going on in the development of new needs on the part of human beings and new resources for satisfying these needs."¹⁶

8. concerned with the needs and wants of people, "that asking other people what they would like, what they need, what their ideas are, is an essential part of the democratic idea."¹⁷

9. a guide for directing the forces which confront man in his daily living.¹⁸

10. a kind of freedom. Dewey speaks of "democratic freedom,"¹⁹ saying that "it designates a mental attitude rather than external unconstraint of movements. . . ."²⁰

11. a criterion for making judgments about conditions, developments, and institutions.²¹

12. a theory of knowledge. Dewey says that democracy "must develop a theory of knowledge which sees in knowledge the method by which one experience is made

available in giving direction and meaning to another."²²

13. closely related to science and the scientific method. He indicates in connection with his call for a democratic theory of knowledge that the "recent advances in physiology, biology and the logic of the experimental sciences supply the specific intellectual instrumentalities demanded to work out and formulate such a theory."²³ On another occasion he said: "While it would be absurd to believe it desirable or possible for every one to become a scientist when science is defined from the side of subject matter, the future of democracy is allied with the spread of the scientific attitude."²⁴ It is not clear whether science is democratic or democracy is scientific, or both.

14. an attitude.²⁵

15. a belief in a humanistic culture.²⁶

16. an economic system, a system "in which all share in useful service and all enjoy a worthy leisure."²⁷

17. a standard for personal conduct.²⁸

18. a form of social control. Here the meaning is fairly clear as it refers to political democracy. He means that when an individual participates in the making of decisions he binds himself to follow the decision made, whether it is in accord with his wishes or not.²⁹

19. a way of organizing society. Dewey frequently used the phrase, "democratic society,"³⁰ meaning a society so organized that all may participate in its decisions, its goods, the formulation of its ideas and aims, and to which all may contribute.³¹

20. a belief in equality. Equality is essential to democracy and inextricably tied up with it, Dewey thought. By equality he meant several things as usual. "All individuals are entitled to equality of treatment by law and its administration." He means equality of opportunity also. "The very fact of natural and psychological inequality is

all the more reason for establishment by law of equality of opportunity, since otherwise the former becomes a means of oppression of the less gifted."³² Dewey passed over without comment the probability that government assurance of equality to the less gifted might be an "oppression" of the more gifted. Let there be no doubt about it, the whole tendency of Dewey's thought was levelling, the breaking down of all distinctions which raise one person or thing above another. To indicate the extent of his thinking in this direction, his comment regarding distinctions made in philosophy is revealing. "Democratic abolition of fixed differences between 'higher' and 'lower' still has to make its way in philosophy."³³

21. the belief in the dignity and worth of the individual.³⁴

22. participation in the "formation of the values that regulate the living of men together. . . ."³⁵

23. "primarily a mode of associated living, of conjoint communicated experience."³⁶

24. an act of faith from the believer.³⁷

25. a set of aims or ends.³⁸

26. an ideal, though what he meant was something to be striven for, not an ideal in the Platonic sense.³⁹

27. a way of life.⁴⁰

28. a form of life.⁴¹

29. a living thing, if Dewey's language is to be interpreted literally. For instance, he says that "democracy in order to live must change and move. . . ." "If it is to live" it "must go forward. . . . If it does not go forward, if it tries to stand still, it is already starting on the backward road that leads to extinction."⁴²

30. a concept for the organization of every aspect of a society and its culture, including all areas of life in its extended meaning. Dewey said: "The problem of freedom and democratic institutions is tied up with the question of what kind of cul-

ture exists. . . ."⁴³ And, "The struggle for democracy has to be maintained on as many fronts as culture has aspects: political, economic, international, educational, scientific and artistic, religious."⁴⁴

IN SUM, THEN, according to Dewey, democracy is a political system, an economic system, a social system, and an educational system. It is a criterion for judgments, a theory of knowledge, a method, a principle, an aim, an ideal, a thing in itself. It is a way of life, a form of life, a form of associated living, a guide for living, a matter of faith. It is equalitarian, humanistic, scientific, concerned with the needs and wants of man, constantly changing and growing. It calls for a particular kind of organization of society and a particular orientation of all aspects of the culture. In short, according to Dewey, democracy applies to all areas and aspects of life. If anything was left out we may be sure that it was an error of the head and not of the heart.

In addition to these multifold descriptive meanings attached to democracy there is the non-descriptive usage alluded to in the beginning—democracy as an agreed-upon value which is to be realized in the society, an unquestioned good. This amounts to a normative usage without a norm. Reduced to its essentials it amounts to saying that there is something good to be sought, but what the good is cannot be definitely stated.

But if democracy is fraught with all the meanings that John Dewey attaches to it, is it such an unalloyed good? Before deciding whether democracy is good and desirable it is necessary first to know what it is. Otherwise, it is like signing a blank check, to be filled in according to circumstances. To demonstrate this, let us accept temporarily the varied meanings which Dewey says belong to democracy. Let us observe a man before a congressional in-

vestigating committee who is being examined on his beliefs.

Suppose the chairman of the committee asks him this question: "Are you a democrat?" How could he answer such a question if he accepts Dewey's meanings? Suppose he says, "Yes, I am a democrat." What is he saying? Does he believe in associated living? If so, what forms of associated living does he believe in? Polygamy? Communism? Complex marriage? Does he believe in a "democratic" economic system? Is it to be equalitarian? Do all share equally in the wealth? Does he believe that the more gifted are to be restricted to a level with the less gifted? Does he think that all should have their needs and wants met equally regardless of ability or effort? Does he believe that all men should share in the formation of values, or does he believe that values exist and men seek them, a perfectly respectable philosophical position? Is he sufficiently scientific to be a democrat, or is he so "backward" as to hold that science does not deal with all of reality?

Before this array of questions he might change his answer and deny that he was a democrat. But he would only have changed horns on the dilemma. Does he mean to deny the worth and dignity of the individual? Does he reject this "Christian ideal?" Is he opposed to freedom? Is he against government by the consent of the governed? Does he have the audacity to question the validity of an idea stated in the Declaration of Independence—that all men are created equal?

It should be apparent that the question raised by the chairman poses intolerable alternatives. Any witness confronted with such a question, involving so many possible interpretations of the meaning of a word, would have every reason for pleading the Fifth Amendment, for nothing is more likely than that he would "incriminate"

himself if he tried to answer it. With all these hosts of meanings the word cannot be used with sufficient exactness to ask or to state anything. If a congressional committee found it necessary to get the answer to such a question, it would be necessary first to issue cards to "true democrats." Then the committee could ask an answerable question: "Are you a card-carrying democrat?"

None of this should be interpreted to mean that Dewey's use of the word democracy was merely ridiculous. Nothing could be further from the truth. Analysis makes it appear ridiculous, but synthesis presents a different face. Dewey intended to suggest that democracy was an all-embracing concept, encompassing all areas and activities of life. He believed that if democracy was to exist at all it must be applied in all aspects of the life of the people. In other words, democracy is an ideology, a complex of interrelated ideas.

There is not space here to show how all the pieces fit into the whole, but it can be at least suggested. Dewey started with the view that democracy means equal participation by all in making decisions and sharing in the benefits of society. For this to be put into practice numerous conditions must be met. If there are great inequalities in wealth, there will be consequent inequalities in power and the subsequent ability to participate. Therefore, gross inequalities in wealth must be wiped out. The graduated income tax, for example, would be a device for accomplishing this in part.

But, people do not have equal abilities. To give equal opportunity to people of unequal abilities there must be some agency to act on behalf of the less gifted. In the schools, for example, infinite attention may be lavished on the less gifted, bringing them to a level with relatively neglected more gifted pupils. Is it possible, then, that Dewey's uncertainty as to the full

meaning of democracy lay in the inability to envisage all the steps necessary to assure the realization of democracy? Who *could* imagine all the steps necessary to the making of all men equal?

Dewey, whether he was aware of it or not, made democracy a *total* concept. The application of his ideas to society would be totalitarianism. Dewey was much concerned to preserve the United States from European varieties of totalitarianism, yet in order to do this he proposed total democracy. Totalitarianism is monolithic, one-directional, unitary, demanding total allegiance to an ideology, or to the state which acts to realize the ideology. Under totalitarianism all aspects of life are brought into accord with this ideology, all disruptive ideas or forces are removed. Is this not what Dewey proposed by the "instrumentation" of democracy?

BUT IT MAY BE OBJECTED that Dewey loved freedom, that he was the outstanding proponent of diversity. Supposing this were true, it is reasonable to ask how he proposed to buttress freedom or preserve diversity. Primarily, he placed his hopes in participation by the people in the making of decisions. Now it is clear that participation is of the essence of democracy in its original signification, but the relation of participation to freedom is not so clear. Suppose the majority vote to remove some freedom—say, to have censorship of the press. If everyone in the land had voted upon the matter it would make it no less a lessening of freedom.

It may be objected that the majority will not act in this way, that their participation insures the preservation and extension of liberty. There is little basis in fact for such an assumption. The Nazi party got a plurality of the votes in the last free election held in Germany before World War II. If reports are to be believed, some-

thing like 99 per cent of those qualified in the Soviet Union vote in elections. Nor has the extension of suffrage in the United States since the Civil War resulted in new liberties being added in America. On the contrary, there has been a steady attrition of liberty since that time, though the two things are not necessarily related. Participation by the electorate is hardly a guarantee of the preservation of traditional freedom. Diversity is hardly furthered under present conditions of transportation and communication by participation either.

Of course, those who set up the United States government did not derive liberty from men but from man and his nature. They believed that liberty was a natural right according to natural law, not something bequeathed by government or the majority. It was not the right of government to take these liberties away, nor was it the right of the majority, though they might usurp them, even under the United States Constitution, though every impediment was thrown in the way of the people doing so. While some, like Jefferson, believed that participation of the people would tend to preserve these rights, they would not have equated participation with liberty.

Dewey did not believe in natural law and natural rights. His belief in freedom had no such foundation, if it had any foundation at all. There was no arbiter for Dewey beyond what is and what the people want, no natural laws limiting what the people may do and have, nothing beyond the majority to which to appeal. Hence, he placed no limits upon the power vested in the people and did not believe that there were any. *Total* power would be vested in the people. If they accepted his prescription, they would act to realize a total concept—democracy. No doubt, they would act through the government as well as through other agencies (until these

agencies were absorbed into the government) in wielding their power. These are the elements necessary to totalitarianism.

The bones of the creature are now laid bare. On the one hand, democracy is an extremely ambiguous word, loaded with a variety of meanings, vague and imprecise. It carries with it also the implication of approval and value. On the other hand, it has become an ideology for the total organization of society. Such a word cannot be used when the object is clear thought; it should not be used to promote programs whose acceptance is urged because they are "democratic." The latter use is argument in a circle. It goes something like this: democracy is a good to be sought; this program is democratic; ergo, this program is good and ought to be adopted. Certainly democracy is not the same thing as freedom, and there is no reason for using them as synonyms. Representative or popular government is one thing; liberty or freedom is something else.

There is a way out of this circle. Responsible people will avoid the use of democracy without first defining it. Having defined it they will restrict themselves to that usage. Even this may not be enough, however; it has been used for propaganda, for persuasion, and as a substitute for political thought so long that it cannot be easily divested of its accretions of meanings. Anyone desiring to engage in logical thinking or in reasonable examination of issues will be very careful in using the word.

All of this would not be so important if there were not so great a need for new political thought, or at least for rethinking our assumptions and beliefs. How long has it been since an amendment was added to the Constitution extending traditional liberties? Is this because liberties are not in danger? No! Developments in advertising,

in law enforcement, in directing thought, in bringing pressure, in fighting wars, in taxation, in communication definitely have brought a circumscription of liberties. Yet twentieth-century America is a wasteland so far as political thought is concerned. In part, at least, this absence of thought can be laid to the fact that thinkers have been mesmerized by the pleasing sound of the word democracy. They should cease their genuflections before this vague, imprecise, and loaded word. Everyone of the meanings which Dewey assigned to democracy needs to be examined on its own merit, not artificially bolstered by a magic word.

¹Harold R. Bruce, *American National Government* (rev. ed.; New York, 1957), pp. 5-9.

²James M. Burns and Jack W. Peltason, *Government by the People* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1957, third edition), pp. 8-13.

³John Dewey, *Democracy and Education* (New York, 1916).

⁴Some examples in addition to the titles listed in the footnotes below are: "Industrial Education and Democracy," *Survey*, XXIX (March 22, 1913); "Practical Democracy," *New Republic*, XLIV (December 2, 1925); "Democracy in Education," *National Education Association Journal*, XVIII (December, 1929).

⁵John Dewey, "The Challenge of Democracy to Education," *Progressive Education* (1937), reprinted in John Dewey, *Problems of Men* (New York, 1946). Page numbers cited are from *Problems of Men*.

⁶*Ibid.*, p. 56.

⁷As quoted by Herman H. Horne, *The Demo-*

cratic Philosophy of Education (New York, 1933), p. xii.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. xiii.

⁹Dewey, *Problems of Men*, pp. 52-53.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, pp. 57-58.

¹¹*Ibid.*, p. 35.

¹²*Ibid.*, p. 36.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 34.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 63.

¹⁵John Dewey, *Freedom and Culture* (New York, 1939), p. 128.

¹⁶Dewey, *Problems of Men*, p. 47.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 35.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 48.

¹⁹Dewey, *Freedom and Culture*, p. 129.

²⁰Dewey, *Democracy and Education*, p. 357.

²¹*Ibid.*, pp. 139-40, 376.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 401.

²³*Ibid.*

²⁴Dewey, *Freedom and Culture*, p. 148.

²⁵*Ibid.*, p. 125.

²⁶*Ibid.*, p. 124.

²⁷Dewey, *Democracy and Education*, p. 300.

²⁸Dewey, *Freedom and Culture*, p. 130.

²⁹Dewey, *Problems of Men*, p. 35.

³⁰For example, see Dewey, *Democracy and Education*, pp. 142, 357, 376.

³¹See also Dewey, *Problems of Men*, pp. 37, 74.

³²*Ibid.*, p. 60.

³³*Ibid.*, p. 15.

³⁴*Ibid.*, pp. 44-45.

³⁵*Ibid.*, p. 58.

³⁶Dewey, *Democracy and Education*, p. 101.

³⁷For example, see Dewey, *Freedom and Culture*, p. 126.

³⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 93, 176.

³⁹Dewey, *Democracy and Education*, p. v.

⁴⁰Dewey, *Problems of Men*, pp. 57-58.

⁴¹*Ibid.*, p. 47.

⁴²*Ibid.*

⁴³Dewey, *Freedom and Culture*, p. 13.

⁴⁴*Ibid.*

BOOK REVIEWS

The Question of Survival

*It is not the Communists who are being contained,
but the demoralized Free World.*

J. DANIEL MAHONEY

Protracted Conflict, by Robert Strausz-Hupé, William R. Kintner, James E. Dougherty and Alvin J. Cottrell. *New York: Harper and Brothers, 1959.*

Massive Retaliation, by Paul L. Peeters. *Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1959. Foundation for Foreign Affairs Series No. 2.*

IT IS, OR SHOULD BE, painfully obvious that the United States of America (among others): (1) is at war with the Communist bloc, (2) is losing that war badly, and (3) is likely to lose it completely in the rela-

tively immediate future. It behooves us, then, to arrive at a better understanding of the enemy, and to formulate policies better designed to cope with his unlimited ambitions. The two books which form the subject of this review are of very considerable aid in this endeavor.

The authors of *Protracted Conflict* have made a painstaking study of the Communist doctrine and technique of conflict, a doctrine and technique which include "all possible relationships between states and groups-political, economic and cultural." The function of the conflict thus waged, of course, is the ultimate establishment of a world-wide Communist hegemony. And one of the principal reasons (though by no means the most basic one, I would add) for the Communists' success in advancing this goal has been "their ability to conceive

of the struggle for power—its terms, its theater, its methods and its goals—in larger dimensions than their opponents.” More precisely, they have been able to project this struggle on a wider screen than the West, which is prone to limit the application of strategic principles to military engagements.

A few closely related principles are considered the staples of the Communist doctrine of conflict: the indirect approach, deception and distraction, monopoly of the initiative, and attrition.

The first of these principles calls for the use of proxies or “volunteers” to accomplish missions which could not be undertaken openly by Soviet Russia or China without running a substantial risk of a direct, general military encounter with the West. Such an encounter is to be avoided, of course—at least until the balance of power has shifted so radically as to ensure a favorable result. In the interim, the use of proxies or “volunteers” is a highly useful technique, especially since it allows the West (as in Indochina, for instance) “to back away from a firm position without appearing to capitulate to Communist initiatives.”

It should be noted that the proxy need not be under direct Communist control, so long as it helps to achieve a Communist objective. For instance, Egypt was not acting as a controlled Communist “agent” when it nationalized the Suez canal, but its action furthered a Communist objective, was urged by the Soviets, and was made possible by Soviet assurances of support. Under these circumstances, Egypt qualifies as a Communist “proxy.”

The Communist faculty for deception has enabled them to reap a collateral and ironic dividend from every major policy alteration which circumstances have forced upon the Soviet leadership since 1917. The “de-Stalinization” program is merely the

most recent occasion on which the sages of the West have concluded that the Soviet leadership has abjured its Communist faith. The same conclusion was being drawn as long ago as 1921, when the failure of “war Communism” necessitated the adoption of the New Economic Policy.

Deception also takes the form of a systematic exaggeration and misrepresentation of Soviet achievement in every field, including most prominently the scientific and economic areas. In this connection, it is sometimes argued that we should accept uncorroborated Soviet claims (e.g., as to the three Luniks) at face value, since we will be spurred thereby to greater effort. This argument fails to take into account the devitalizing effect such gullibility has upon our will to combat Communism.

“Distraction” and “monopoly of the initiative” are complementary aspects of the same tactic. Under the first aspect, every effort is made to distract the West from the opportunities presented to it by the “Achilles heel” of the Communist system, Eastern Europe. The Communists endeavor to focus the revolutionary struggle in the “gray areas” of Asia and Africa, where the “swelling ideological currents—neutralism, anti-colonialism, anti-Westernism, anti-imperialism, pragmatic socialism and nationalism—are, by their very nature, directed against the West . . .” rather than in Eastern Europe, where powerful nationalisms (and, I would add, an adherence to the historic cultural and religious principles of Christendom) mitigate against assimilation into the Communist empire. Our stupefied inaction during the Hungarian crisis testifies to the success of this tactic.

Combined with this deterrence of anti-Communist initiative (achieved primarily by psychological warfare techniques) is a continuous aggressive initiative, taking whatever form conditions will allow. This results in such anomalies as the shipment

of arms by Czechoslovakia to the pro-Communist Sukarno government, and the simultaneous denial of American support to the anti-Communist Indonesian rebels. Such paradoxes are both aspects and products of the continual war of attrition against the non-Communist world, which aims at isolating anti-Communist sentiment, dividing the anti-Communist nations, and promoting an aversion to serious anti-Communist resistance among important elements of the leadership of these nations (including quite particularly the opposition political parties in Western Europe).

TURNING TO *Massive Retaliation*, it seems to me that the unique contribution of this book lies in its discussion of the influence of "public opinion" upon the formation of foreign policy in this country. This is the focus chosen by the author, who set out to formulate a "case study of public opinion and government policy" centering around the doctrine of massive retaliation. And this study is unquestionably of vital significance, since an anti-Communist policy on the part of the free world is only as strong as the American commitment to that policy.

The "debate" concerning massive retaliation, as Dr. Peeters cogently demonstrates, was a national scandal. Its most alarming aspect was the irrationality and irresponsibility demonstrated by a goodly portion of the nation's political and intellectual leadership. For instance, Senator Humphrey informed the Senate (on April 28, 1955):

Russia turns off the faucet one day, and on the next day. She is sweetness and light one month, then a vicious dragon the next. We should not be deluded by Communist strategy. We know its objective

Yet he immediately added:

I think a defense based on nuclear or

atomic weapons is just *planned suicide*.

. . . Therefore our policy must be dedicated to peace. It must be a policy which is *based on strength* and knowing what we want, and there must be a consistency of policy. *Let us not talk about hydrogen bombs*. We are scaring away our friends by that kind of talk. But there should be more talk and more emphasis upon our real resources and the real strength of our country, namely, our faith; our economics; our political system; our land system; our programs of health, education and welfare; and our love and understanding of people. We should also have a cunning understanding of the tactics and strategy of the enemy. (Emphasis added)

What is Senator Humphrey trying to say? If a "defense based on nuclear or atomic weapons is just planned suicide," are we to forswear such a defense? If not, why not?

Note, in this connection, that Senator Humphrey does not explicitly renounce the nuclear deterrent, and therefore does not have to face the implications of such a renunciation. But how long will our will to use this deterrent, if necessary, survive loose talk from supposedly responsible sources about "planned suicide"? Furthermore, assuming a continued will to retaliate if necessary, does not such loose talk invite a Communist miscalculation of our will to resist, and thus increase the risk of nuclear war?

If we are to forswear nuclear defense, in what sense will the resulting policy be "based on strength"? Does the Senator believe that we have the military capability to deal with the Communist threat after rejecting the "suicide" of nuclear or atomic weapons? If so, what military authority does he cite for his position? If not, what deterrent do we offer to a Communist system, the objective of whose strategy the resolute Senator Humphrey has determined

to keep steadfastly in mind? In short, Senator Humphrey should be advised that if we wish to preserve the "real resources" of our country, we had best be prepared to defend them.

Now if Senator Humphrey's mental meanderings were a singular departure from probity, we would perhaps owe them the courtesy of the averted glance. But it is the thesis of Dr. Peeters' book that this sort of thing has characterized recent debate concerning American foreign policy. It is this reviewer's belief that Dr. Peeters proves his case beyond a peradventure; and although it is impossible, in the nature of things, to prove my point in this review, I would invite the skeptic to ponder the problem of putting a practical content into the shibboleths of "flexibility" and "imagination" which does not amount either to a flight from reality or an adoption of staged capitulation. Or he might consider Senator Lehman's solemn advice to the Senate, also on April 28, 1955 (a trying day for the Senate, it would appear), that it was "self-evident" that an abandonment of Quemoy and Matsu would "strengthen our position," "add to our strength," and "increase our prestige."

Concluding, then, that our foreign policy "debates" are deficient to the point where they should arouse national concern, the question becomes: On what should that concern focus? Dr. Peeters concludes that the liberal performance in foreign policy debate is a special application of the mental and moral malaise into which liberalism is forced by its nihilistic rejection of all fixed value and principle. I would agree, noting that the authors of *Protracted Conflict*, by defining the Cold War as a struggle between the "open" and "closed" societies, seem to adopt the liberal argument that the West is most clearly characterized not by any special view of God, man, and society, but by a willingness to entertain all views

on these (and all other) questions.

This is not the place for an extensive examination of these questions, but it should be kept in mind that our foreign policy will not rise above the level of our intellectual leadership, and that a resolution of these questions, and (in my opinion) a reaffirmation of and recommitment to the traditional values of Western civilization, is requisite to the successful prosecution of the war in which we are presently engaged. I do not wish to be understood as asserting that this rededication is likely to take place in time to save Western civilization, however much I may hope that it will, and however convinced I may be that the values and truths upon which that civilization has been erected will ultimately prevail.

I WOULD LIKE to consider at this juncture the course which American foreign policy will have to follow if it is to counter successfully the Communist bid for world domination. There is a temptation to settle for half measures in this area, since what appears to me to be necessary is wildly remote from the alternatives that receive serious public attention these days. Until John Foster Dulles' death last April, American policy had, under his stewardship, held to a far firmer line than has since been the case. On the whole, the Communist world had been convinced that we would retaliate against any further overt aggression with as much force as was necessary to thwart it, and there was no guarantee that the retaliation would be limited to the area chosen for the aggressive maneuver. (As Dr. Peeters has pointed out, incidentally, this was the distinguishing feature of the doctrine of "massive retaliation," which did not imply that the automatic response to *any* Communist aggression would be a full-scale nuclear war.)

The question that is receiving attention

today is whether we should continue to be willing to risk nuclear war to counter "minor" Communist aggression. For instance, I heard it said at a recent seminar on foreign policy at the University of Wisconsin that Berlin, whose surrender would probably spell the end of Western influence on the continent of Europe, was certainly not the sort of issue over which we would use our nuclear capabilities. In this climate of opinion, it is understandable that an invocation of the yet-untried policy of "liberation" is likely to meet with rather extravagant opposition. This, however, is exactly what I propose.

The paradox in which we find ourselves has been put rather succinctly in *Protracted Conflict*:

At this moment, we are not "containing" the Communists: they are containing us—behind a constantly shrinking perimeter of Free World defenses. Behind the Iron Curtain, the Communist "peace zone" is closed to our "interference"; the Free World is the "war zone" in which the Communists can, with impunity, bring all of their implements of conflict to bear.

In this "war zone" we hold, if we are lucky, the ground which the Communists have not yet captured—or we give way. Unless we change the peculiar rules of this strange game, the Communists, even were they much less adroit than they have proved themselves to be, cannot help but win.

The obvious answer to this paradox is to assume the offensive. As the authors of *Protracted Conflict* point out (and as James Burnham observed seven years ago, in *Containment or Liberation*), the offensive must focus on Eastern Europe, which is of vital strategic importance (since Europe is still the key stake in the struggle for the world), and which has yet to be comfortably assimilated into the Communist empire.

But we had best proceed immediately to the nub of the controversy: if "taking the offensive" entails (as it must) stirring up anti-Communist activity in Eastern Europe, what are we to do when (as in Budapest) this activity erupts into an open challenge to the Communist-imposed regime? And the answer is that we must, at least under optimum conditions, be prepared to guarantee the success of the challenge, and take the risks commensurate with that guarantee.

This conclusion is not one for which I can cite Dr. Peeters, who, in stating that "material conditions" were inappropriate for intervention in Hungary, implies (I believe) that he would not favor such a guarantee. The authors of *Protracted Conflict*, on the other hand, point out that there were available to the West tactics (offering asylum to defecting Soviet troops, airborne assistance of a non-military nature, etc.) which "would have forced upon the Soviets the choice of either acquiescing to them or increasing the violence of their intervention." It is not made clear whether this argument implies a commitment to counteract such increased violence.

There may be cases in which we could not hope to guarantee the success of an uprising in Eastern Europe. The point is, however, that if we are going to write off the Hungarian uprising—where the Nagy government claimed the support of a good portion of the populace (including the people of the nation's capital), and massive intervention by a foreign army was required to reassert Communist hegemony—then we are predictably never going to find an Eastern European uprising with which we are willing to cast our lot. Which means that we have no moral right to a policy of "liberation," which would not be viable in any event. Which means that we are incapable of assuming the offensive. Which

means that, given time (and not too much will be needed), we will lose. Which means the extinction of every value which makes human existence worthwhile. And there is the point.

If the penalty for a failure to take the offensive will be the extinction of the values and principles on which Western civilization is based, then the risks involved in an effective commitment to the offensive literally must be accepted. Furthermore, it is not at all true that such a commitment will automatically result in a general war. Rather, as Willi Schlamm argued recently in *Germany and the East-West Crisis*, the Communists would be extremely unlikely to begin a general war over a limited setback, convinced as they are that history is irrevocably on their side, and divorced as they are from any "face-saving" pressures from the populations whom they hold in thrall. And there is a good deal of history to support the theory of a Communist willingness to take the long view (Brest-Litovsk, for example, or their retreat from Iran in 1946).

It is clear, to say the very least, that a

Communist nuclear onslaught is very far from inevitable in the event that we begin to bring pressure to bear upon them. So that the argument against an assumption of the offensive is that it will increase the immediate risk of general war, a risk inherent to some degree in every policy except capitulation. It is further clear that the present situation, in which all the pressures are directed against us, must yield disaster. We are forced, then, to choose between two alternatives, and I will leave them with the reader as Dr. Peeters has formulated them:

Does one accept as a valid objective of policy the concept of a continued national existence (in a sheer physical sense), or does the concept of national survival imply the survival of the values for which the United States stands? The atomic age has rendered this alternative both concrete and unavoidable. Whether it likes it or not, American society has to face it. Loose talk about war being suicidal can obscure—but it does not eliminate—the necessity of this fundamental decision.

Against the Soviet system's evils, the ultimate weapons are love and compassion.

Two Russian Novelists

MILTON HINDUS

I Remember: Sketch for an Autobiography, by Boris Pasternak. New York: Pantheon, 1959.

The Chains of Fear, by N. Narokov. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1958.

AS AN EPIGRAPH for his *Tropic of Cancer*, Henry Miller used an interesting quotation from Emerson: "These novels will give way, by and by, to diaries or autobiographies—captivating books, if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls his experiences that which is really his experience, and how to record truth truly." I am tempted to set Emerson's words at the head of my own review not because I wish

completely to deny the value of Mr. Narokov's novel but because it is clear to me that it cannot for a moment bear comparison with Pasternak's more literal transcription of his material.

One may say that the difference in quality between the two books is due not so much to their forms as to the difference in talent between the two writers. There is some truth in this objection, yet the validity of Emerson's theory is supported by a comparison between Pasternak's own novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, and his autobiography. This autobiography is, to be sure, a mere sketch and less weighty a work in every way than *Zhivago*, but it is, so far as it goes, extraordinarily pure and satisfactory

to the reader while the novel is more of a mixture. *Zhivago* can be treated as a work of art and praised in superlative terms, as it has been by Edmund Wilson in his article in *The New Yorker*; it can be treated as art and criticized harshly for its aesthetic shortcomings as it has been in *Kenyon Review* and other smaller periodicals. It can likewise be treated as a sociological document and praised or blamed without reference to its artistic merits—this has been the usual approach.

A fourth type of approach to *Zhivago* is possible—which is to see it as a fiction consisting in large part of insufficiently transmuted autobiography. Although the ingenuity of Wilson discovers some subtly developed formal schemes in the novel, a more naive approach sees it as a loosely strung picaresque tale—a form not ranking at the apex of a hierarchy as art but ideally suited to absorbing a maximum amount of personal recollection without too obtrusive evidence of doing so. A second characteristic of *Zhivago*, which undoubtedly results from the large infusion of autobiography in it, is that all its characters seem to speak with the same voice. It is the voice of the great lyric poet who has created them but who doesn't have the dramatic gift to endow them with independent lives of their own. I say these things without meaning to denigrate the accomplishment of Pasternak in *Zhivago*; the author's unretouched account of what he has directly heard and known may vitiate its status as an autotelic imaginative work, but it is also responsible for the world-encircling effect of the novel.

What is a legitimate criterion to apply in judging books making use of a Soviet background? It is suggested by a passage at the end of the admittedly autobiographical *I Remember*: "This unique world, the like of which has never been known before, has now receded into the faraway distance

of memories and hangs suspended on the horizon like mountains seen from a plain or like a faraway big city against the smoky background of a red sunset. . . . One would have to write about it in a way to make the heart stop beating and the hair stand on end. To write about it in an ordinary and commonplace way, to write about it unemotionally, to write about it less colorfully than Gogol and Dostoevsky have depicted Petersburg, is not only senseless and useless; to write like that would be both dishonest and base."

Very well! But who succeeds better in writing "about it in a way to make the heart stop beating and the hair stand on end"—Pasternak or Narokov? The answer to my mind is clearly Pasternak. Though Narokov is an estimable writer and there are some powerful scenes in his book, his fictional composition, by the very skill of its construction, gives to his most harrowing passages something of a meretricious air. To make melodrama compete with a plain account of horrible reality requires the genius of a Dostoevsky or a Shakespeare. It is no reflection on Narokov surely to say that he is not in this class. Neither, for that matter, is Pasternak. But by the latter's own criterion, his autobiography—with all its shortcomings and incompleteness—is more moving than his novel, and the most moving pages of the autobiography perhaps are those containing the notes, supplied by the editor or publisher, at the end of the book. Here indeed is matter enough "to make the heart stop beating and the hair stand on end."

Let me give a concrete example of what I have in mind. In Pasternak's *I Remember*, we are given the following account of his relationship with the emigré poet, Marina Tsvetayeva, whose work he very much admired after an initial period of indifference:

In the summer of 1935, feeling ill and

on the point of a breakdown from insomnia lasting for almost a year, I found myself at an anti-Fascist congress in Paris. There I became acquainted with Marina Tsvetayeva's husband, a charming, refined, and steadfast man, and I grew fond of him as if he were my own brother.

The members of Marina Tsvetayeva's family insisted that she should return to Russia. They were prompted partly by homesickness and sympathy with Communism and the Soviet Union and partly by the consideration that Marina Tsvetayeva could never be happy in Paris and that she would perish living in a sort of vacuum without any readers to respond to her.

Marina Tsvetayeva asked me what I thought of it. I had no definite opinion to offer. I did not know what to say to her and I was very much afraid that she and her remarkable family would find things rather difficult and not very peaceful in Russia. The general tragedy of the family infinitely exceeded my fears.

The muted quality of the writing here hints only very faintly of the full extent of the horror involved or of the courage of Pasternak in touching upon it even so gingerly as he has done. The facts are to be found in the bare notes in back of the book:

Tsvetayeva, Marina Ivanovna (1892-1941). Poet. Began her literary work in 1910. Left Russia in 1922, to be with her husband, a former White officer, first in Czechoslovakia, later in Paris. Returned with family to Russia in 1939. Her husband was arrested and punished. Their daughter, too, was arrested and their son was killed early in the war. Tsvetayeva was banished to the provinces, where she could find no employment, and hanged herself.

Say what you will, I find it impressive for a Soviet citizen to dare to describe "a

former White officer" (Marina Tsvetayeva's husband) as "a charming, refined and steadfast man," and to say, "I grew fond of him as if he were my own brother." Perhaps he may have felt as kindly about Narokov—a pseudonym, as we learn from the publisher, for Nikolai Marchenko who also "fought with the White Army, was captured by the Reds, and escaped. Subject to suspicion and constant surveillance for many years, he had remained in semi-hiding as a school teacher in a small provincial town. In 1932, he was caught, and imprisoned by the GPU for six months. It was during this time that he gathered, from his own observations and from tales of his fellow-prisoners, much of the material for *The Chains of Fear*." For Pasternak and Narokov, in spite of the disparity that exists between their literary talents, do have something in common after all. They share a concern for humane and religious values.

The poet Tsvetayeva's name occurs again in a passage (pp. 88-90), perhaps the most moving in Pasternak's book, in which he calls the roll of the Soviet writers who have killed themselves: Mayakovsky, Esenin, Paolo Yashvili, Fadayev. Pasternak reflects on the desperation that must have preceded these suicides, concluding with the following tribute: "But all of them suffered beyond description, their suffering reaching the point where the feeling of anguish became a mental illness. Let us bow our heads with compassion for their talents and their bright memory as well as for their sufferings." To these names, he could well have added those of men who suffered less melodramatic ends. I mean men like Tretyakov and Mandelstam who, like the heroine of *Doctor Zhivago*, simply disappeared one day without a trace.

PASTERNAK'S BOOK of recollections is, for the most part, a paean in praise of famous men: Tolstoy, Rilke, Scriabin, Mayakovsky.

The entry of these men, however fleetingly, into his life marked the high points of it, we feel. The signal events of the revolution and all that followed were as nothing when compared with these privileged moments. Especially important to him as an example is his father's great friend Leo Tolstoy (his father, Leonid Pasternak, was a very accomplished painter who did several portraits of Tolstoy reproduced in this book in black and white). It is Tolstoy probably who inspired Pasternak to simplify his style—the simplicity of *I Remember* when compared with his autobiography of a quarter of a century before entitled *Safe Conduct* is startling. The earlier book, according to the later Pasternak, was "spoilt by unnecessary mannerisms." In *Safe Conduct*, for example, the University of Marburg is described in the sentence: "The grey-green half-spat-over university boomed and subsided in a hundred auditoriums." No such affectations disfigure the present book.

It is Tolstoyan, too, for Pasternak to reject all of his work before *Doctor Zhivago* and this autobiographical sketch as worthless. The terms in which he does so leave no doubt in my mind of his sincerity; in fact, the contrition he experiences in contemplating his past is of a quality we find only in the most significant autobiographies: Saint Augustine's or Rousseau's. I do not mean that Pasternak is in their class spiritually or intellectually (and, besides, his work is fragmentary and sketchy when compared with theirs), but only that he resembles them in the genuineness of his effort at self-refinement.

He can write about his Scriabin period when he was infatuated with music: "No one had any doubts about my future. My future had been settled, my path in life correctly chosen. I was meant to be a musician, everything was forgiven me for the sake of music, every shape and form of ingratitude and rudeness toward my elders

I was not fit to hold a candle to, stubbornness, disobedience, negligence, and strangeness of behavior. Even at school when, during the Greek and math lessons, I was caught trying to solve some fugue or counterpoint problem and, asked to answer a question from my place, stood like a fool and did not know what to say, my classmates did their best to shield me and my teachers forgave me everything. And in spite of that, I gave up music."

Or he can write about a period of his past:

The *Contemporary Review* published my translation of Kleist's comedy *The Broken Jug*. The work was both immature and uninteresting. I should have been deeply grateful to the journal for publishing it. And I ought to have been even more grateful to its editorial board for letting some unknown hand go over my manuscript and improve it beyond recognition.

But the feeling of fairness, modesty, and gratitude was not fashionable among the young people of the left wing artistic movements and was looked upon as a sign of sentimentality and spinelessness. The proper thing was to have a high opinion of oneself and one's talents, to strut about, to be impudent, and, however much I hated it, I strove to keep in step with them all so as not to fall behind my friends.

Finally, in the same vein:

Among my depressingly incompetent writings of that time, the most awful ones were my translations of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* and Goethe's poem *The Mysteries*. There is extant a review of them by Blok published in the last volume of his collected works among other reviews written for the publishing house World Literature. This scornful and scathing criticism is well deserved and justified in its final appraisal.

The conscientious self-destructiveness of

this recalls Tolstoy's consignment of all his work before his "conversion" (including *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*) to oblivion. Pasternak can say at the end of this autobiography that *Doctor Zhivago* is not only his "chief and most important work" but "the only one I am not ashamed of and for which I can answer with the utmost confidence."

A WORD SHOULD BE SAID perhaps about Pasternak's remarks *On Translating Shakespeare* with which the publisher has pieced out the autobiographical sketches that should otherwise have made too skimpy a volume. I was more impressed by these little essays the first time I read them in periodical form than when I reread them in this book. I was so predisposed in favor of Pasternak by the nature of his subject and his manner of treating it that I am afraid I saw more than was really there. Of course, it is a point in favor of Pasternak that his attitude toward Shakespeare is anything but Tolstoyan. It will be remembered that it was one of Tolstoy's less happy inspirations to compare Shakespeare unfavorably with Harriet Beecher Stowe! It is good, then, to have a great Russian writer who is, in so many other respects, a disciple of Tolstoy make amends for him. Pasternak makes these so handsomely that he seems to have fallen into an opposite extreme—the Bardolatry of the Victorian Age.

He sounds positively ecstatic in his admiration: "Shakespeare's use of rhythm is clearest in *Hamlet*, where it serves a triple purpose. It is used as a method of characterization, it makes audible and sustains the prevailing mood, and it elevates the tone and softens the brutality of certain scenes. . . . The characters are sharply differentiated by the rhythm of their speech. Polonius, the King, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz speak in one way, Laertes,

Ophelia, Horatio, and the rest in another. The credulity of the Queen is shown not only in her words but also by her singsong manner of drawing out her vowels."

Such remarks from a distinguished practicing poet in his own right impress us; they should impress us even more if there were specific illustrations to support the general observations. But one reluctantly thinks after a while that Pasternak's command of his subject and even of the English language itself leaves much to be desired. A note in his handwriting in English reproduced in the book as well as other messages in English that we have seen convince us that his ability to express himself in English is very imperfect indeed. But what of his ability to understand it? Well, it may certainly be better, and yet how good is it really?

Some of his observations on *Romeo and Juliet* can be characterized as inattentive if not incompetent. He tells us, for example, that in this play, Shakespeare "composes no arias, no duets. . . . It is in blank verse that the hero and heroine address each other." What, then, of the initial exchange between the hero and heroine in Act I, Scene 5, lines 96-109, which not only rhyme but compose a perfectly balanced *sonnet* in their totality? If this is not to be called a *duet*, I know of nothing in dramatic poetry that deserves the term. And is it not precisely the plenitude of rhyme in this play that convinces critics that it belongs to an early period of Shakespeare's work? All this is elementary—to the student of English literature.

But is it possible that Pasternak would undertake such vast and weighty works of translation from English without knowing the language perfectly? The answer is that it has been done before by men who could not have been called charlatans. I am told on good authority that Mallarmé, who was a professor of English and a translator of

it, understood it only imperfectly. I know for a fact that Marcel Proust, who translated a good deal of John Ruskin, depended on dictionaries, friends, and even his mother to help him over what should otherwise have been insuperable difficulties. Men of letters, and especially poets, are often attracted by the charms of alien languages in proportion to the vagueness of their apprehension of them. William Butler Yeats was only being candid when he confessed that a page in French seemed to him more beautiful because he was never quite certain of precisely what it meant.

I judge from the evidence that Pasternak belongs to this select company. Reading poetry in any language but one's own is, except for the very rare linguist, like hearing music through a wall. Cervantes compared translations to Flemish carpets turned inside out. But for certain poetic souls, the handicap is turned into an advantage. Pasternak's remarks on Shakespeare do not illuminate Shakespeare's art, but they cast light on his own: "His poetry draws its strength from its very quality of sketchiness, powerful, uncontrollable, disorderly, and abundant. . . . The stormy quickness of the brushstrokes of a Rembrandt, a Michaelangelo, or a Titian was not the fruit of their deliberate choice. Possessed by the need to paint the universe, they could not paint in any other way."

Of course, this is not altogether fair to Pasternak's accomplishment. Wherever his subject is not tied up with technicalities of Shakespeare's language (the more parochial concern) and deals with problems of character or ethics (the more universal concern), he shows genuine insight. In this category I would put his discussion of the character of Lady Macbeth: "She is one of those active, insistent wives, a woman who is her husband's helper, his support, for whom her husband's interests are her own

and who takes his plans on faith once and for all. She neither discusses them nor judges nor selects among them. To reason, to doubt, to make plans—that's her husband's business, it's his lookout. She is his executive, more resolute and consistent than he is himself. Miscalculating her strength, she assumes the excessive burden and is destroyed, not by conscience but by spiritual exhaustion, sadness, and fatigue."

Good, too, is his discussion of *Othello*, though the assumption it is based on is questionable: "Shakespeare was not interested in what a man had been at birth, but in the point he had reached, in what he had changed into, what he had become. In Shakespeare's view, Othello, who was black, was a human being and a Christian who lived in historic times, and this interested him the more because living side by side with Othello was Iago, who was white, and who was an unconverted prehistoric animal." The questionable assumption (and according to the dominant current in Shakespearean criticism the wrong one) is that Othello is a blackamoor. He is certainly tawny but, as Dowden says, "there is nothing to suggest that he is of the Negro type, unless it be his rival's spiteful epithet 'thick-lips.'"

THE IMPRESSION of Soviet cultural and political life created by Pasternak's and Narokov's books on the whole is one that has become sufficiently familiar from innumerable candid accounts of existence on the other side of the curtain that have appeared at intervals over the past generation. Scott Fitzgerald, in a letter to his daughter in which he warns her against Communism, nevertheless speaks of the original idea on which the movement is based with "some politeness." He advises her to "read the terrible chapter in *Das Kapital* on *The Working Day*, and see if you are ever quite the same." It might be

a good idea now to accompany such required reading on the sufferings of mankind which arose out of limitless individual accumulation with required reading of such books as Pasternak's and Narokov's which exhibit the matchless cruelties created by a system of collectivism "before which" (as Fitzgerald puts it) "you and I as individuals are less than the dust." In jumping out of a frying-pan, hapless humanity seems to have landed in a fire!

I think that I ought to say something more, before ending this review, about *The Chains of Fear*. It is a difficult book to discuss. In some ways, it seems intolerably old-fashioned. The bare outline of its plot contains so much unbelievable coincidence, unexpected disguises, and plain melodrama that a recital of it would incline the reader to laugh. But it is far from a laughable story that the author has written, and I am speaking not only of Narokov's intentions but his accomplishment, of which, however, it is very hard to communicate the quality. Madness, murder, and suicide stalk through his pages as relentlessly as they do through Elizabethan tragedy or the public life of the Roman Empire.

The trouble, one suspects, is not so much with the author as with the fact that the magnitude of the evils he is dealing with is, in the strictest sense, unimaginable. The tortures he describes have a classic simplicity that should have made them the envy of the Marquis de Sade or the keeper of a Nazi concentration camp. I have no doubt that they are based on experience and that they actually took place. But it is quite another problem to make the beings who suffer such tortures human rather than mere puppets. There is something self-defensive about the mind in insisting that when man's inhumanity to man goes too far the whole thing must be a kind of Punch and Judy show.

Narokov does have one good humanizing

idea in his book, and that is to show his villainous commissar Lyubkin as a man divided against himself rather than a soulless monolith, a man whose affections are torn between a selfless girl, Evlalia Grigorievna, and his self-interested mistress. But the balance of opposites is too neat, and this aspect of the novel, like others, suggests the feeling of contrivance which is the book's weakness.

In both books, and in Pasternak's in particular, we are finally left not so much with a feeling of savage indignation at the injustices depicted (this might have been the case if the writers had been satirists like Swift or Juvenal) but with the feeling that the proper attitude to take toward such an incredible reality is love and compassion. Narokov's faith is that only such compassion can effect the change of the world he depicts into something better; it is a world which no one enjoys, in which no one is happy, not even its nominal masters—perhaps they least of all, as a matter of fact.

Pasternak's faith, on the other hand, finds few objects worthy of it in the world about him and has found refuge in the contemplation of the exemplary lives and works of certain great artists of the past. His is a kind of aesthetic mysticism, not so radical or uncompromising as Proust's and yet not unrelated to it. The most indicative words in *Doctor Zhivago* along this line were: "Forward steps in art are governed by the law of attraction, are the result of the imitation of and admiration for beloved predecessors." The quality of reverence is stamped upon his every page. He writes as if he felt the responsibility in his own person for carrying on the tradition of what Thomas Mann once referred to as "the Holy Russian literature" of the nineteenth century. He has, in other words, a conscious aim to justify his martyrdom on behalf of art.

Sunrise at Campobello:

Sundown at Yalta

*A brilliant history of the summit conferences of
World War II.*

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Roosevelt's Road to Russia, by George
N. Crocker. Chicago: Henry Regnery
Company, 1959.

THIS IS A POWERFUL, absorbing, timely, and convincing book. It is the most brilliantly written and felicitously expressed of all revisionist books yet published on the second World War. Few novels are as engrossing, and only the best produce such brilliant phrasing and cogent allusions. The book is a masterpiece of picturesque but reliable narration. What could be more crisply illuminating and precisely descriptive than the characterization of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's strategy and oratory in lying the United States into the second World War than Mr. Crocker's phrase: "Demagoguery with a Groton accent"? Yet the book is factually thorough and accurate, and the author is acquainted with, and makes full use of, the best revisionist books and documentary sources. Indeed, it is his extraordinary command of the rele-

vant facts which make his book so impressive and convincing as well as exciting.

It is easily the most devastating exposure, analysis, and critique of the personality, methods, and public ethics of President Roosevelt, insofar as these were revealed by his personal intrigues and diplomatic "statecraft" during the second World War. It is the book which the "Blackout Boys" will turn heaven and earth to consign to a still birth and the silent treatment. It is too fundamentally dangerous to risk even a venomous smear lest by virtue of the very bitterness of the attack it might attract reader curiosity and interest.

It is also the book which those who believe that Anglo-American diplomacy from 1939 to 1949 was a planetary, if not cosmic, calamity must not ignore. If they pick it up they will not be able to put it down until the reading is completed. All too many of the leaders of the opposition to American entry into the second World War have by now tended to forget or neglect their earlier realistic activities and statesmanlike convictions of the period from the Chicago Bridge Speech of October, 1937,

to Pearl Harbor, and have become totally immersed in their current hostility to Soviet Russia. This book will enable them to combine their current obsession with a revival of their earlier interests and have the soundness of the latter amply confirmed.

Mr. Crocker is admirably equipped for the important task which he sets for himself. He specialized in history and political science as an undergraduate in a famous American university which is better equipped in documentary resources for the study of international relations than any other in the country. A graduate of Harvard Law School, a former law school teacher and dean, and a distinguished practicing lawyer, he was well trained and thoroughly experienced in the techniques of gathering historical evidence, analyzing its nature, and cogently and precisely stating its import.

A member of one of the oldest and most famous of California families, he exhibits the rhetorical refinement and literary good manners which would be expected of a man of both inherited and cultivated taste. However devastating his material, the indictment is always expressed with dignity and never exhibits vulgar hostility or crass prejudice. In a word, Mr. Crocker only holds that Franklin Delano Roosevelt does not stand above subjection to honest and searching historical analysis as one of the dominant figures of contemporary history. He fearlessly sets forth what he believes to be the conclusions to be drawn from such analysis, especially insofar as they affect the current interests and future prospects of the American people.

In the light of the great current interest in the Cold War, Russo-American relations, the proposed Summit Conference and lesser international meetings, and President Eisenhower's world tour, which appeared to be mainly designed to repair some of the damage done by the political and diplo-

matic mistakes and public crimes of the Allies during the second World War, the volume is as timely as it is readable and convincing. It makes voluminous and precisely relevant contributions to a better understanding of all of these events and problems. Indeed, that is its chief value as we move into the seventh decade of the twentieth century.

The main theme of the book is the manner in which President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill enabled Soviet Russia to win both the war and the peace and to become the dominant power in the Old World, if not on the whole planet. Incidentally, it reveals how this was concealed from the Anglo-American publics, who innocently believed that they were pouring out their blood and money in an idealistic "Holy War," designed to bring freedom, perpetual peace, and economic prosperity to the world. But the volume also includes an exposition and analysis of the more important actions and trickery by which Roosevelt and Churchill involved the United States in the war.

It exposes the deceptions and the serious and irretrievable political and military blunders which were involved in all this. In short, it is a substantial revisionist survey of the causes, merits, and results of the second World War, in addition to its lucid presentation of the fatal Anglo-American surrenders to Soviet Russia and Marshal Stalin.

In the light of the fact that the more important concessions to Russia occurred at the great Summit Conferences from Newfoundland to Potsdam, much of the book is given over to the exciting but dolorous story of what happened at these calamitous meetings. The material highlights the outstanding events and accomplishments of each of these great Conferences, which is what is needed in such a book. This task is performed with great

clarity and proper emphasis. Readers will carry away a vivid and lasting impression of what went on and of the characters present and operating. Those who wish more of the diplomatic details will do well to consult William L. Neumann's *Making the Peace, 1941-1945*, John L. Snell's *The Wartime Origins of the East-West Dilemma over Germany*, and more voluminous books of the kind.

Mr. Crocker wisely does not accuse President Roosevelt of any deliberate espousal of Communist ideas or policy as such. Nor does he remotely allege that Roosevelt consciously sought to betray the interests of the United States for the benefit of Soviet policy and ambitions. Indeed, he does not even make any such charges against Harry Hopkins, who was Roosevelt's "Man Friday" in devising and promoting the policies and actions which played into the hands of Stalin and Russia. It was a gradual process, compounded of political and historical superficiality, and ever mounting ambition, pride, vanity, and megalomania on the part of Roosevelt which Hopkins nursed along, General Marshall defended on the military level, and Stalin successfully exploited. In the light of the prominent role of Harry Hopkins in inspiring and promoting Roosevelt's pro-Russian policies—in fact acting as Roosevelt's chauffeur on "the road to Russia"—Mr. Crocker's book may well be regarded as another volume on "Roosevelt and Hopkins." It will do much to reinterpret the vast amount of material in Robert E. Sherwood's voluminous work and to correct the misleading statements and conclusions therein.

The increasingly pro-Soviet orientation of Roosevelt policy was a natural development out of the trends from 1937 to 1941—from the Chicago Bridge Speech to Pearl Harbor. Anti-interventionists in the United States before Pearl Harbor charged that it

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was British propaganda, Democratic New Deal self-interest, Roosevelt's ambition to become a war president, Jewish hatred of Hitler, and other factors which involved the United States in the war. But more thorough study has amply proved that, although the above factors and influences played a powerful role in the total result, it was primarily "the Communist line," compounded of anti-Fascism, collective security, and the benign pacifism of Russia, as developed by Litvinov at Geneva, inflated by the Popular Front Movement in Western Europe, and adopted by the Liberal-Leftist war groups in Britain and the United States, which inflamed and guided the American war party from 1937 to 1941 and brought this country into the war. Hence, it was easy and logical to carry over this impulse and ideology into the war period.

So far as Roosevelt's personal participation was concerned, the process culminated

in the disastrous Conference at Yalta in February, 1945. Both the immediate and the ultimate consequences of Yalta are eloquently and discerningly appraised by Mr. Crocker in the following paragraph:

Yalta was more than the unhappy culmination of Roosevelt's long series of blunders in *Weltpolitik*. It was a moral debacle of unimaginable evil to the world. Not the least calamity was the dissipation of mankind's faith in America. Disillusionment and cynicism are the dross that remains where a high reputation for integrity once flourished. In their present bewilderment and frustration, the American people have too quickly forgotten that their dazzling wartime President gave away more than the lands and freedoms of people in Europe and Asia; he tossed away something just as precious, that was theirs alone. Perhaps in the long run that was Franklin D. Roosevelt's most tragic disservice to his fellow countrymen.

From Congressional to Presidential Government

FRANCIS GRAHAM WILSON

At long last the liberal distortion of American history is being corrected.

Congress and the American Tradition,
by James Burnham. Chicago: Henry
Regnery Company. 1959.

IT IS SELDOM one encounters in these days of pragmatism and status-seeking a book that is animated by affection and scholarly enthusiasm for the great men and the political wisdom of another day. James Burnham's *Congress and the American Tradition* is, however, such a book. It is in one sense a labor of appreciation of the learning and the wisdom of those who drafted and brought about the ratification of the Constitution. But it is also an effort in sober and scientific scholarship, in the midst of ideological views that claim the right to interpret the American tradition in favor of exaggerated forms of liberalism and irresponsible claims upon the future. In his work Burnham searches out the quality of the notable men who were the American political leaders at the beginning of our republic. Because the core of their political philosophy was a belief that human nature is limited and imperfect, "the Fathers did not suppose that all social and political problems can be fully solved" (p.

19). They did not believe there was a transition from a political system to utopian order.

In contrast to such a view, the simple and vulgar economic materialism or determinism of the liberal criticism proves too much. Motives are assumed and not proved, and the egoistic motivation of those who assert the economic interpretation of politics must also be included. The economic interpretation of the Constitution is the corruption introduced into American scholarship by Charles A. Beard, who wrote *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913. Generation after generation of undergraduates who have studied American government have been inoculated with the Beardian toxin, though it must be said in candor that Beard himself turned to other topics. The early Beard, however, was only one of a triad of Progressive intellectuals. J. Allen Smith, in *The Spirit of American Government* in 1907, was the first to begin the formulation of the intellectual and Progressive interpretation of American history and institutions. Smith influenced Vernon L. Parrington, whose *Main Currents in American Thought* is the indispensable scripture for liberal exegesis. In Smith one finds an argument for the aristocratic and corrupt motives of the Framers, and it was thought for long that

Beard's *Economic Interpretation* was the detailed proof of the more speculative argument constructed by Smith. Smith and Beard provided intellectual formation to the Progressives, while Parrington supplied a similar dosage to the liberalism of a post-Progressive era.

Slowly, one feels, the corrupting and vulgar interpretations of the Framers have been giving way to a more intelligent appreciation of those who formulated for America its political tradition. The path seems to be opening toward an appreciation of the learning, the wisdom, and the historical insight of the Framers. It is these qualities which enabled them to become prophetic for the future of liberty, and for the circumstances in which freedom may become concrete rather than philosophically abstract. They provided the situation in which liberty might become existential rather than an aggregate or group conception which would mean little in the human situation. The economic is always with us; it is in us and around us, but that which makes life meaningful comes after the besieging anguish of the economic has been raised, and the unfolding of the spiritual has begun.

But overcoming the Beardian and Progressivist corruption has opened the way to other difficulties. If the liberal is being led to see that a vulgar economic determinism is false because it must be used to explain himself as well as his enemy, he has also seen that Freudian analysis carries too far, and that if the enemy of liberal programs must be explained in psychological terms, the liberal himself must be explained from a prone position on the analyst's couch. What I am suggesting is that for liberals as well as for Burnham, the minds of the Framers have become an intellectual and rational issue, and not a look at recorded deeds to landed property or a probing into the viscera of those who signed the Con-

stitution on September 17, 1787. What we are coming to study then are individuals and institutions, and slowly as we recover from both the weaknesses of positivism and relativistic historicism, we undertake to say what is better and what is worse about the Constitutional system of our country.

THE CORE of Burnham's argument is a statement of what the conservative and the liberal or Progressivist does with the American tradition of national government. Now a tradition is a set of values or truths handed forward through education and experience to the new generation, and in this case it is the values and experience that the political class, the officials of governments in America, have accepted in one form or another from their political forebears. I think it can be said with honesty that the liberals have believed until the quite recent past that they had won forever the right to interpret the American tradition in literature, in journalism, in the professions, and above everything else in the materials used in the schools in the study of history and politics. It is a notable characteristic of our time that there is a "new conservatism" which has challenged this presumed victory of the liberals to say what the constitutional tradition means.

Burnham forms a distinguished part of the company of those who believe that the days of the liberal distortion of American doctrine and tradition are coming to an end. And his volume is a sustained effort to say just how the differences in the interpretation of the American tradition are to be formulated. The very formulation of the issue is of great significance, for until recently there were few adequate and systematic sources to which the student might repair for a statement of the conservative position about the structure of American government. Of course, it is clear that the liberal interpretation of the Constitution

has moved step by step with the political victories of the liberals since the great revolution of 1933.

It is Burnham's contention that the Framers of the Constitution intended Congress to occupy a central position in the American system of government. But the revolution has consisted in the denigration of Congress, and the exaltation of the powers of the President. In times like the present when civil liberties are decreed by the Federal Courts, the liberal has turned to the courts, the bureaucracy—the fourth branch of the government—and to the executive as the concentrated powers of our political society. "The coarse fact about the position of Congress in the American political system," says Burnham, "is simple enough: Congress once held a large, quite probably the largest, share in the total sum of power possessed by the central government; and now it holds a share that is not merely smaller but so much smaller as to be of a different order of magnitude. This is equivalent to saying that in the American governmental system a constitutional revolution has taken place, through which Congress has been reduced from a coordinate or predominate to a secondary and subordinate rank" (p. 259).

Burnham cites in his support one of the most notable of the students of Congress, George B. Galloway of the Library of Congress: "The architects of the Grand Design of 1787, keenly conscious of the incompetence of Congress under the confederation, expressly vested the primary powers of the new national and federal government in the Congress of the United States. From the place of prominence they gave it and the vast powers they conferred upon it, the framers evidently intended to make Congress the central department of the new republic." It is, thus, to Burnham a notable and evident enough fact that Congress has lost its great place, and that those who have

been liberal have distrusted it, and have turned to the President and the Courts with assurance that they can secure through these a larger share of the political goals their ideology proclaims.

Apparently Americans have always been engaged in debate about the nature of their system. While there has been debate concerning the concentration of power in the national government in our time, the desire to effect an ideological and economic collectivism has made it necessary to turn against the right of both state and local governments to construct their own social policy. The so-called "truth" of the welfare state admittedly stands above the desires of the people as they have expressed themselves in local policy. That public opinion has been unwilling to accept, say in local matters, what the high bureaucrats of educational organizations and the national government have wanted, has merely made it seem all the more necessary that there should be both federal financing and federal administrative control.

One is tempted to say that from the unlimited assertion of war powers in the twentieth century, the Constitution as a limit on the powers of government has been all but destroyed. But this destruction has opened the way for all kinds of centralized social policy that can hardly be thought honestly to be related to national military victory or to security against destruction in Armageddon. Congress works more slowly than bureaucrats, but it has greater capacity to respect what people may wish, simply because each member must go back to the voters for approval.

At one time it was said that the businessman was the enemy of the legislature, state or national, because the legislature passed bills regulating business. Now one can say that executives, fourth branch civil servants, and professional groups seeking power and money, and that amorphous but power-

ful class, the "liberal intellectuals," have also turned against law-making bodies as archaic, horse-powered vehicles in an age of flaming atoms. So is a case made against Congress, in a contemporary age of notable debate about its place in the American political system.

Burnham argues (pp. 263-64): "The stereotyped contrast between a creaking, horse-drawn Congress and a streamlined, jet-propelled administration is a myth without much substance. The huge executive bureaucracy is a swollen, arthritic, half-paralyzed cripple, about a third of whose time is spent taking care of itself (on "housekeeping," as it is called) and another third in ducking responsibility. The Congressional decision process is cumbersome . . . but it does not suffer when compared to the bureaucratic decision process, which can take up to ten years to order production of a new weapon system or a change in the type of pen on post-office desks."

Indeed, there has been much concern with the "reform of Congress," and in 1946 a reform bill was passed which has resulted, no doubt, in greater efficacy in the daily labors of Congressmen. What would be a more efficient Congress? Is it possible to reform Congress? Would it be possible to restore Congress to the share in government the Framers contemplated for it? The author remarks: "The uneven, bumpy but persistent fall of Congress from the high estate described by Woodrow Wilson in *Congressional Government* began with the turn of the 20th century, and shifted to a faster rate in 1933" (p. 333). By paradox, as the democratist, liberal ideology has dominated, a plebiscitary or numerical majority has seemed the only proper political system. Congress, argues Burnham, has been dominated by this ideology only when it has submitted to executive dictation. Such a long-run situation

explains in measure why the "liberals" and left intellectuals have favored the President and denounced Congress as an instrument from a remote and agrarian age.

Our author thinks its improbable that Congress will survive as a forceful, autonomous agency—certainly not, if Western society succumbs to war, and only if Congress learns to concentrate on essential problems. From the gallery one does feel, indeed, resentment against the petty Congressional ego using time by unanimous consent to campaign for re-election. But the plain truth is that Congress is unable to supervise the bureaucracy; it cannot control the expenditure of the taxpayers' dollars; and it cannot force the executive to give information on many issues of government which by executive order have been made secret. I am sure a Congressman must feel little and alone when he stands against the orders coming down from the White House and the vast bureaucratic organizations associated with the executive office of the President. In the incredible inertia of organization, political courage enough for Congress to assert its right of control over money and administration is perhaps a utopian concern.

Americans must cherish their Congress, Burnham wisely says, if they would preserve their liberty (p. 352). But the trends of the age are massive, in truth, and there are few examples in the rest of the world to point to amid the ruins of so many legislative systems since World War I. Should not a Congressman know that there are times when public opinion, acting through elected officials, has the right to tell the man in the office that the arrogance of his knowledge must bow before the wisdom of the man in the street?

ONE FINAL TOPIC should be considered. During the introductory discussions Burnham develops what he calls liberal and

conservative syndromes in relation to Congress. I think the word "syndrome" has been introduced into social science language by those concerned to deny that conservatives have really an intelligible political position; it suggests that conservatism is tropism rather than the life of reason. But by syndrome Burnham means a series of views which tend to cluster together. Out of history and analysis thirteen elements of consistency or pattern in the views of conservatives and liberals appear (pp. 121-22).

The liberal has confidence in the saving ability of rational science and democratic ideology, while the conservative accepts the existence of non-rational factors in government and he has a distrust of abstract ideology. The liberal believes in the unlimited potentiality of human nature, while the conservative understands its corruption and the impossibility of achieving terrestrial utopias. For the liberal there is no presumption in favor of traditional usage, while the conservative's nature is expressed in his respect for tradition as a system of worthy values handed forward from the past. The liberal will waive diffused and limited power in order to attain his progressive goals, but the conservative holds to the diffusion of sovereignty and the limitations on power embraced in the Constitution.

While liberals accept plebiscitary democracy, conservatives stand for representative and mediated government. Liberals think state rights in the federal system are ridiculous, while conservatives are for them. Liberals have a distaste for the separation of powers and the autonomy of the three customary branches of the national government because they would hurry toward their ideological solutions, while conservatives believe that the customary autonomy of the three branches is compatible with the soundest and most enduring reform

policies. Liberals tend to oppose limitations on government, while conservatives believe in them, as they were contained in the traditional American Constitution.

The political tradition is purely instrumental for the liberal, while the conservative believes that our tradition embodies principles that are intelligible and of permanent value. Liberals hold that decentralization and local solutions interfere with the solution of modern problems, while conservatives hold that decentralization and localization contribute in the end to sound solutions. Though private enterprise is severely criticized by liberals and they exhibit a belief in government control or ownership, conservatives are generally sympathetic with private enterprise. Though a sophisticated conservatism like that of the late Senator Robert A. Taft might accept certain governmental controls, the trend toward private enterprise is clear.

Liberals, therefore, believe that the expansion of governmental activity nourishes the good life, while the conservative is concerned with individuals, and especially in their private capacity, rather than with the nation or other collectivities. And, finally, the liberal accepts a presumption in favor of the executive against Congress, while the conservative has favored Congress in matters of social policy against the dominance of the executive.

Burnham has written a volume that may not be read by the liberals, but it is surely one from which the conservative can draw courage in our raucous debates over national policy. The conservative is often laughed into silence by the liberal, to whom the funniest thing in the world is often a person who does not agree with him—or perhaps even more comic, a conservative who thinks he is intelligent. At least the conservative can do himself a good turn by reading this well-written, courageously written, and withal brilliant volume.

What My Orphic Poets Sang

The old and new traditions in American poetry.

NICHOLAS JOOST

Orpheus and Other Poems, by Robert Beum. Chicago: *Odyssey Chapbook Publications*, 1959.

Two Laughters, by Joseph Joel Keith. Francess town: *Golden Quill Press*, 1958.

This Narrow World, by John Moffitt. New York: *Dodd, Mead and Company*, 1958.

IT IS A CENTURY and two decades since Emerson, in the concluding rhapsodic chapter of *Nature*, gave to the world the song of his Orphic poet. Since then our national culture has endured a second revolution: the Flowering of New England was the first, the American Earthquake was the second. For the past third of a century entrepreneurs and critics and artists have occupied themselves in their different ways with assessing the results and consolidating the traditions established by this second

cultural revolution, which occurred in the years 1912 to 1925 approximately.

Nearly half a century after the struggles and alarms of the New Movement of Picasso and Matisse, Pound and Eliot, we look at pictures painted and we read poems written in what by now is an academic tradition. Here, for example, are three volumes by Robert Beum, Joseph Joel Keith, and John Moffitt that, however dissimilar the personal temperaments of the poets may be, are alike by virtue of belonging to the tradition of the New Movement. What interests us is the extent to which each poet fulfills his personal talent within the boundaries of this tradition.

What has replaced the discursive, moralizing tradition of the nineteenth century in American poetry? Robert Beum writes that the figure of Orpheus had, to be sure, Apollo and Calliope for parents, but that even such a pooling of musical and poetic genes seems hardly able to account for his extraordinary gifts. Orpheus must have made some new and exciting discovery about the nature and possibilities of musical and poetic art. "He must have discov-

ered form: definite prosodic form. He—and soon all—saw the human delight in it, and realized its evocative and creative and civilizing powers. Form as scheme or limitations and pre-constructed conditions and relations of parts, to which the stream of utterance may be invited into—in order to be a stream at all. Form as challenging, heuristic, poem-making.”

We never think, Mr. Beum tells us, of Orpheus’ voice or poetry as a great wild rush of word or tone but as a poetry of liquid charm, purity, and restraint. Orpheus does not incite to frenzy, but rather he leaves the listener in a marmoreal ecstasy. Insofar as the dancing and singing of the Maenads may have been considered a kind of poetry, its only law was constant increase in tempo, pitch, and volume; but Orpheus created a thing in itself, shaped by conceptualization, self-consciousness, and individuation. A range of feeling replaced the single orgiastic shrill: a world of expression and construction.

We note that both American traditions invoke Orpheus as the figure of the poet. But how oppositely does Orpheus appear as he is described by each tradition. Emerson’s poet is possessed divinely by his sacred, prophetic frenzy. The Orpheus of Mr. Beum seems more Gallic than American, influenced by Paul Valéry rather than by Walt Whitman sounding his barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. Mr. Beum’s Orpheus is the poet descended from the French symbolists and the American and British imagists:

What boy, his legs like arrows, died
into this
Hermes? And what newly-married
praiser
of all that wakes us to such dream as
his—
good will, high music, and high praise
of her—

ambushed by that thug who lived on
as Dis,
turned fear and grief into clearer,
clearer
plan of rescue, until he thought none
could balk
against it, then set out on that long
walk?

Here is no unacknowledged legislator of the world but an aesthete. The sole note of moralizing sounded is that we hear in “good will.” Mr. Beum is concerned with aesthetic effects, and so were Shelley and Whitman—but Shelley and Whitman used the aesthetic equipment of poetry to make moral comments about the world; Mr. Beum wants to call attention to prosodic form for its own sake. He does say things, but very obliquely, and his concern with style is apt to make what he does say rather difficult to get at. Occasionally a poem may be wispily chic, almost evanescent, all images and no logic:

Child in the morning!

Diesels beating
and mixed warbles!

Child, here’s a rug for you,
floors and breakables,

capering father
and yardful of yellow,

Coffee preparing and easy
way of a morning!

Generally Mr. Beum’s poems are short lyrics, broken short flights, and at least by intention a poetry of liquid charm, purity, and restraint. Perhaps there is too much restraint; one rather misses the expansiveness, the moralizing, the great wild rush of words.

MR. JOSEPH JOEL KEITH’S poems are more Orphic in the Emersonian usage of the

word than are Mr. Beum's. Mr. Keith possesses the incantatory gnomic manner of the Orphic poet in *Nature*. He fancies the modern oblique way of saying things, like Mr. Beum, but the poems of Mr. Keith's *Two Laughters* seem to me to be oblique and difficult in a different fashion from the poems of Mr. Beum's collection. First of all, Mr. Keith is not concerned so much with the niceties of form as "poem-making." We find, if we look for them, such astonishingly infelicitous lines as: "Pure is the waker, pure is the silent time, / when all that is said is heaven's blended rhyme / tuned to the strain the innocent has sung."

His poetry is a poetry of statement, at its best; he simply is not at ease dealing with the intricacies of form, and when he succeeds, he succeeds because he has managed to get something effectively stated in an uncomplicated prosodic form.

Second, Mr. Keith builds his images quite differently from Mr. Beum. In a representative Keith poem, the images often come from the poet's use of abstract words:

Returning heels announce my time
to breakfast. Doubt looks from my mirror,
I who am fed; and fed, still hunger,
seeing my sister coming nearer.

In a Beum poem the images usually consist of directly reported sensory details. Certainly, with all the contemporary insistence that a poem must be "concrete," we should be sorely disappointed were Mr. Keith's poems not concrete in the twentieth-century manner: the poem is highly symbolic. Mr. Keith does not disappoint us, but his poems usually are not imagist poems in which the entire poem equals an idea (a poem must not mean but be, we recall).

Rather, a Keith poem, for all its color and its tactile and kinesthetic qualities,

uses images in a pattern of discourse. Now this is opposed to the contemporary fashion in which the poem itself is an image or in which the poem is composed of a series of associated images woven together in the manner of *The Waste Land* and *The Cantos*. True, in *Two Laughters* we come upon a belated example of imagism such as "Dark Intuition":

Do not fear
the dark cave
of silence.

There is no sound,
now.

Approach now.
Enter.

What is there is what
is believed
outside
in the blinding light.

But for the greater part, the poems in this volume use images symbolically in the more traditional manner of the Psalter or *The Songs of Innocence* or Poe's "Helen" or Emerson's "Days."

This is to say that if we correctly interpret the symbols, one by one, as we go through the poem, we shall be able to string our interpretations along the thread of discourse and thus can make sense of the poem. The difficulty comes in interpreting correctly each symbolic image. This is merely the difficulty offered by Eliot's "Journey of the Magi," a difficulty different in kind from that proposed by a reading of *The Waste Land*. An example of Mr. Keith's best work is "Party Line," which also exemplifies my argument:

As one of the curious gatherers
drawn to the death scene
in a city street,
I was held to the spot,
safe behind the curtain of miles,

yet listening there at the locked doors
of two lives.

The man was beating the woman with
fists of language;
then finally sated,
he was drained of anger;
the sound was a long, repeated, absurd
coo.

She, revived and rising,
rattled the lines with her fury;
the storm gathered and rose,
tore and plunged.

The cradle clicked;
and still I felt the talon striking.
The quiet room became a ruined meadow;
the hare leaped from the frame;
the doe sped into the deeper woodland;
and the place was filled with screeching
birds.

Mr. Keith has only benefited by the revolution in the arts of our century, although he is obviously not intimidated by the theories now current—*vide* Mr. Beum—about what a poem ought to be or about how poems ought to be written. The insistence on precision and concreteness in the poetry of our age has, I believe, helped Mr. Keith; the trouble is, he has not sufficiently bothered himself with the problem of precise expression—not just the correct word but the correct line, the correct form of a given poem. Too often his poems are all beginning and middle and no adequate ending; his endings too often mystify rather than emphasize or enlighten. Still, Mr. Keith courageously has found his own tone, his own way of saying a thing, and, happily, the contemporary insistence that “poetic” or unnecessarily inverted word order is harmful has helped him. With his comparative inattention to other matters of style, Mr. Keith would be well-nigh insufferable were he not direct and colloquial in utterance.

Two Laughters in its two divisions of poems moves from *noir* to *rose*. I must say that I much prefer the black laughter to the rose. Many of the poems in the latter category add little to the volume and to one's positive estimate of Mr. Keith as a poet. He is an Orphic poet, engaged and vatic, mysterious and yet direct and patently sincere, by turns brutal and broodingly tender. His weaknesses as a poet result not from lapses in moral taste and discernment but from faulty strategy: awkward diction, hackneyed words and phrases, and incomplete grasp of structure. On the other hand, I must admit that my strictures pale beside other reviewers' praise of Mr. Keith's skilled workmanship, fine talent, and high order of craftsmanship, and it may be that I am quite mistaken—though I can only react to what I find in *Two Laughters*. It comes as a selection of the Book Club for Poetry, and I recommend it for its own worth and for its representative, “period” quality.

OUR THIRD VOLUME under review—John Moffitt's *This Narrow World*—has its Orphic qualities too, and in the usages of the two traditions of Emerson and the New Movement. Mr. Moffitt's utterance is spare and gnomic rather than expansive and gnomic. He writes a poem “To Emily Dickinson,” and we can see a certain poetic lineage in his tendency to write in brief units, whether the units be poems or stanzas or lines, that gain emphasis not only by force of their brevity but also through cunningly employed slant rhymes.

Then there is the amusing mock scholarship of “God Preserve,” a witty tribute to a certain elder stateswoman of the arts: “Therefore once more I say, God preserve / me from that immortal sin, from a swerv- / ing toward crass conformity, from queer, incautious habits of / locution that at best unnerve / cautious readers, and—

what is even more to the point— / from attempting those daring, sometimes nearly out-of-joint, / yet always irresistible evolutions of Miss Moore."

Yet we miss the point of reading and enjoying Mr. Moffitt's verses if we fail to ponder the brief petition that ends "God Preserve": "But beyond this, as I manfully / sidestep her fastidious wizardry — / as if to master it were no trick at all! —God help me, too, / to manage somehow to be me."

If the modern Orpheus has, in the tradition established by Pound and Eliot, a tendency to embody, like the ant in amber, obscure references in the poem, Mr. Moffitt to this extent is not that Orpheus. Moreover, while his poems do have liquid charm, purity, and restraint that leave us in a marmoreal ecstasy, he has managed somehow to be himself. We do not enjoy his poems because of discernible influences—they are there: Skelton, Auden, Dickinson, Eliot, Miss Moore—but rather because of the exquisite neatness of his craftsmanship fused with, yes! his message. Mr. Moffitt is Orpheus not because he sings well (and this he does with surpassing competence) but because:

... his whole functioning
Takes on as effortless
And as benign a grace
As nature's own performing.

Our poet's attempted song does not need to change with the changing years, nor does it need to follow the lead of fashion:

For as the poet nears . . .
This new-old blossoming
Of spirit, he may then
Attire his ardent muse
In ancient ecstasies
Unhaunted by the fear
That earlier wove its spell
Of echoing last year

In out-of-fashion verse,
Knowing himself secure
To summon songs that shall
Outwit a century.

The songs that Mr. Moffitt hopes will outwit a century are various indeed. Animating them all is a single major theme, however; in some way, almost every poem in *This Narrow World* is produced by Mr. Moffitt's religious belief. Faith, he tells us, is a precious thing: "Trouble no man's faith." He has scorn for the dowager who, "irked with fortune, surfeited with doubt, / Uneasy at the patterns of behavior / Her heart and hemorrhoids are falling into," thinks perhaps, as her time is running out, that "She may appropriately now begin to / Sue for indulgence from her Lord and Saviour." To the man tossing a begging bum fifteen cents for coffee dole, Mr. Moffitt puts the rhetorical question: "Who is it that most extracts / Substance from the interview?" We must remember, he answers, that the luckless, already in God's breast,

Need the succor less than you
While you nurse the curious faith
That Omnipotence would fail
Short of your attentiveness.

The poet's wonder and love go out to the black-skinned boy rather than to the "Marvelous bitter world" that asks this child "Eyeing life's lusty spread / To look the other way."

Mr. Moffitt is not a humanitarian, however. He sees the urban grimy sidewalks, the traffic lights, the litter of peanuts and chewing gum as the furniture of a world that is the opposite of kingdom come; the noise and dark rumble of this world swerve thought effectively from the unnamed thing that is just ahead of us in the traffic. Opposed to that world, the Unreal City of so many poets of the age, is the world of na-

ture. Now this world is a world of things and appearances; but the plants and creatures of the natural world, as opposed to the artificial world man has created in the city, are signs and figures calling man to kingdom come:

See, all about,
In wind or grass,
Earth's urgings and
Long purposes:
All in steadfast
Rhythm incline
To the same pulse
That beats in mine.

What is this pulse other than the motion and the spirit that Wordsworth knew, which impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things?

Mr. Moffitt evinces if not a Franciscan attitude toward himself in creation then perhaps an Emersonian pantheism, an idealism that gains much from the Hindu scriptures. Yet the poet is not taken in by the optimism of Wordsworth and Emerson. In "A May Morning," he shows us a traffic accident—a ten-year-old schoolboy killed by a delivery truck in Central Park—and juxtaposes the human death to the unconcerned world of nature:

Did the trees shrink their shiny
New creased leaves at the usual
Sound of squealing brakes
And thump of death? Or did
The honeysuckles and gnarled
Haws pose in their whites
Less gay, or the boisterous, lewd
Sparrows gentler rasp
Their chat?

Nothing sympathizes with the boy's death; a single starched coif blossom, sprung before the rest, utters "a suave/Rumor of bay rum."

In sum, Mr. Moffitt, for all his vision of

nature, does not evade the problem of the mystery of pain and evil; while singing of the correspondences and the grand unity of the world, while professing his faith that "Some welcome waits the soul/After its sojourn here/Is periodod by death," the poet refuses to eliminate from his concern the contradiction and complexity and "the long stretch / Of life's unease."

At least two elements enter into the sum of Mr. Moffitt's redoubtable strength as a poet: his control of line and meter and his resolute facing up to the facts of contemporary city life. His strong, short lines and his use of slant rhymes preserve his poems from that undue sweetness that we today, unjustly it may be, associate with poetry that is forthrightly religious. His insistence on the grimy facts of everyday life in a big city, and his particular city is New York, strengthens his presentation of traditional religious ideas. By presenting religious belief in terms of what Hopkins called the bent world, Mr. Moffitt shows, without having to argue the case, that this belief has its basic pertinence to our time. *This Narrow World* is Mr. Moffitt's first volume of poetry to be published in the United States; its publication signalizes the American appearance of a notable poet.

Thus do our Orphic poets sing, summoning us in their voices away from our concerns to their visions. Mr. Beum summons us to his constructions of pure form. Mr. Keith sings of the horrors of family life and of the virtues of family life. Mr. Moffitt, with the widest range, sings to the creatures of this world to go forth robed in the light of unwed being and to stand in the stepless sun at the source of flaming. Ah, how his songs would delight the poet of *Nature*! And yet—how lovely his songs sound as pure designs, delighting the mind's ear. This poet, rejecting though he does all fashions, is an Orphic singer of the old and the new traditions.

The Burke Newsletter

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ON NOVEMBER 14, 1959, three editors of the newsletter, C. P. Ives, P. J. Stanlis and T. I. Cook, met in Baltimore, Maryland, to discuss editorial policies and to plan objectives for future issues of the newsletter. Since the last two numbers were heavily weighted in bibliography, the editors agreed that in keeping with the previously

announced policy of appealing to a variety of interests, the next several numbers will include such matters as the current areas of interest in Burke studies; the relevance of Burke's ideas to modern problems; the relationship of Burke to other writers, such as Rousseau, Hume, C. J. Fox and Bolingbroke; basic unsolved problems in Burke's biography, career, and philosophy; Burke's intellectual convictions in aesthetics, economics, politics, religion, etc., and other such broad and humanistic concerns.

Beginning with this issue, the editors also agreed to continue the series of brief feature articles on the volumes of Burke's correspondence, as each new volume appears. Miss Lucy S. Sutherland, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, currently collaborating with John A. Woods on a study of the finances of "cousin" Will Burke, has submitted the following editorial account of her work on the second volume, which should be available in the spring of 1960.

Burke's Correspondence

THE SECOND of the ten volume edition of *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke*, an Anglo-American enterprise under the gen-

eral editorship of Professor Thomas W. Copeland, covers the period from July, 1768 to June, 1774. The period is roughly the life of the 1768-1774 Parliament, the second in which Burke sat. It opens when all prospects of the early return to power of the Rockingham Whigs whom he supported had been destroyed, and it ends just before his successful candidature for the City of Bristol, on the eve of the outbreak of the American War of Independence.

This volume contains 185 of Burke's surviving letters for this period, 56 of which are printed for the first time. Of those already printed, 62 appeared in the old four-volume Fitzwilliam and Bourke edition of his correspondence (1844), 27 in the O'Hara correspondence and 29 in Burke's letter book as agent for the Assembly of New York, both printed by Professor Ross Hoffman in *Edmund Burke, New York Agent* (1956). The remainder had been printed in widely scattered and sometimes inaccessible places.

In addition to the letters written by Burke, 65 addressed to him are printed in this volume, 54 for the first time, and three hitherto unprinted letters written neither to nor by him are included for the light they throw on his activities. Extracts from a number of other letters addressed to him are printed in footnotes, headnotes, and tailnotes. The choice for inclusion of letters written to Burke has been dictated by various considerations. The other side of his correspondence with his political leaders, the Marquess of Rockingham, William Dowdeswell, and the Duke of Richmond (very little of which has hitherto been published) is essential to the understanding of the numerous and detailed letters he wrote to them, and which make up the backbone of the volume. Individual letters from prominent contemporaries are included, to show the range of his social and political inter-

course; those from contemporaries less prominent throw light on activities of Burke which might otherwise go unheralded.

Although when this volume begins Burke's entry into political life was still recent, he was by now a public figure, and it could not be expected that the letters in this volume would, as did those in Volume I, illuminate tracts of his life hitherto unknown. The contents of this volume do not light up unknown aspects of his career, but elaborate our knowledge of his activities at this time and refine our understanding of them. Though quite a high proportion of those of Burke's letters which are now printed for the first time are comparable in historical importance with the letters already published, for the most part they fill out a story already known. From this point of view, the hitherto unpublished letters from Rockingham and Dowdeswell add more to our knowledge than do those of Burke. But the bringing together of all his correspondence into one series, and the publication of both sides of his main political correspondence, undoubtedly add considerably to our knowledge of Burke as a public character.

However, the volume also provides some new materials for the study of Burke as a private man. His systematic destruction of the private papers in his possession, and his well-grounded fear of malicious publicity, has meant that comparatively little personal material has been preserved. In particular he was extremely secretive about his financial affairs, and the correspondence throws little light on the financial disasters which overtook the Burkes in 1769, or the means by which he paid for his country house (Gregories, near Beaconsfield), and kept his head above water in the difficult years that followed. Nevertheless, a fair amount of private matter can be extracted from this volume of his

correspondence, which shows his devotion to his family, his kindness and consideration to his wide range of friends and acquaintances, and the zeal (sometimes ill-judged) with which he adopted the cause of all of them. It also shows the width of his knowledge and interests. Among the hitherto unprinted material, the letters he wrote from France in 1773, and those bearing on the entrance of his son Richard to Oxford, show him in a particularly pleasing light.

The period covered in Volume II is of interest and importance both in the public life of the nation and in the career of Burke. In many ways, however, it is but the prologue to greater events. It saw the mounting friction between England and her American colonies, the beginning of the problem of the relation of the State and the East India Company, and the rise of the eighteenth-century radical movements. Burke became concerned at this time in all of these issues, and later he was to play an even bigger part in them. However, this is also the period in which Burke formulated his view of party, in which the Rockingham party developed its principles and characteristics, and in which, on their behalf, he wrote one of the most famous political pamphlets of the eighteenth century, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*.

Bibliography

RATHER THAN LIST an extensive bibliography, we refer our readers to the best collected analytical reviews and descriptive summaries of Burke studies for 1958-59. These are by Stanley D. Rose, "Edmund Burke: An Introduction," *Catholic University of America Law Review* (May, 1958), pp. 61-90; Donald C. Bryant, "Report on Burke Studies," *Quarterly Journal of Speech*, XLIV (December, 1958), pp. 434-42; *Philological Quarterly*, XXXVIII,

No. 3 (July, 1959), pp. 305-10.

Current Studies and Work in Progress

BURKE AS A CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL:

Recent studies of Burke as a political conservative, by John A. Lester, Russell Kirk, Bruce Mazlish, Charles Parkin, Peter Stanlis, and Francis P. Canavan, S.J., are being qualified and extended in current publications and important work in progress. The second chapter of Professor M. Morton Auerbach's *The Conservative Illusion* (N.Y.: Columbia University Press, 1959), pp. 31-68, called "The Contradictions of Liberal Conservatism," written from the Positivist point of view, is highly critical of Burke's political philosophy. Professor Jean-François Suter, Peterhouse, Cambridge, England, the author of "Tradition et Evolution chez Edmund Burke," *Revue Suisse d'histoire*, tome 8, fasc. 4 (1958), is at work on a book to be called *Liberalisme et Conservatisme dans la pensée politique d'Edmund Burke*. Professor Raymond English, Department of Political Science, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, is working on a book to be called *Conservatism and the Liberal Heritage*, which will contain much matter on Burke. Professor English writes: "My main interest is in what might be called the proto-neo-idealist in Burke's later writings: the similarities between certain aspects of Rousseau, Burke and Hegel. I suspect that classical-medieval Natural Law could never be perfectly restored after Hobbes, Locke and Jefferson, but that a more flexible version of Natural Law with a strong historical emphasis came into being, in revulsion against the perverted philosophy of natural rights and sovereignty. It is in this development that I find Burke's contribution extraordinarily interesting and subtle."

NEW TEXTBOOKS AND ANTHOLOGIES ON BURKE: There is currently much evidence

that Burke's political philosophy is being reevaluated, and his historical position, as presented in textbooks in political science and history, is being redefined. Fr. Francis Canavan, S.J., St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N.J., had the summer of 1959 off, to write a chapter each on Burke and Paine, for a textbook on the history of political philosophy which Professor Leo Strauss is editing for Rand-McNally. Professors Louis I. Bredvold, University of Michigan (retired), and Ralph G. Ross, University of Minnesota, are collaborating on an anthology of Burke's selections based on important themes in Burke's thought, which will be "a convenience for teaching Burke in upper division and graduate courses." The selections are by Bredvold and the introduction is by Ross. The completed manuscript should be in the hands of the publisher, the University of Michigan Press, by June, 1960. Professor Charles W. Parkin, Clare College, Cambridge, England, is editing the selected political writings of Burke, with an introduction, for *Blackwell's Political Texts* (Oxford). The purpose of the introduction in this series, he writes, is "to provide a brief biography of the author presented in the text, followed by an interpretation of his thought, with special concern to present the permanent value of his work to the theory of politics." The introduction would also contain "a rapid survey of Burke's historical background and political activity, the general principles of his thought, and critical commentary on them in the light of subsequent traditions of political thought. Assessment of the permanent value of Burke's thought would revolve around the meaning and contemporary validity of his idea of natural law."

BURKE AND INDIA: The importance of India and the Hastings impeachment in Burke's political career is being reviewed in recent and pending studies. Professor

Holden Furber, Department of History, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 4, Penna., published "Edmund Burke and India," *Bengal Past and Present*, LXXVI, Part I (January-June, 1957), pp. 11-22. Professor Carl B. Cone, Department of History, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky., will give in April, 1960 the lecture of the annually elected Distinguished Professor of the College of Arts and Sciences, on some phase of the relationship between Burke and Warren Hastings. For the past nine months Professor Cone has been working on the second volume of *Burke and the Nature of Politics*, and much of his time has been devoted to the problems of India. More than the other great events in Burke's life after 1782, he considers India and Hastings "the greatest obstacle" to a true understanding and evaluation of Burke. Of great importance is "the key to answering the question of Burke's motivation in undertaking the impeachment." Professor Cone has "found material that has long been in print that refutes the emphasis upon personalities as the explanation for Burke's involvement in the impeachment." Another scholar, Professor George C. McElroy, Indiana University, Gary Center, Gary, Indiana, has also been working for several years on Burke's Indian labors, and has found it "a very complicated problem." The length of time Burke was involved with Indian affairs, the scanty and anonymous materials for certain periods, the intricacies of parliamentary and India House maneuvers, the difficulties in determining what was actually going on in India, and the serious misconceptions in much currently accepted history, especially concerning Hastings and Philip Francis, have combined to distort badly our picture of Burke and India. Aside from these historical problems, the ultimate importance of India toward understanding Burke's political philosophy

is suggested: "On India Burke tends . . . to plunge deeply into his fundamental thinking about politics, morality and human life He had to grapple with the most fundamental questions of the justification of government, and its proper organization to serve its justifiable ends, and the resulting set of principles does not fit neatly into anybody's category of liberalism or conservatism."

BURKE'S PROSE STYLE AND AESTHETIC THEORY: In the past few years there has been a marked revival of interest in the rhetorical techniques and writing devices of Burke's prose style, and in his aesthetic theory. Scholars concerned with Burke's prose style will find much worthwhile material in Frederick J. Rogers, *The Style of Edmund Burke* (Ph.D. Dissertation, University of Michigan, 1956, 174 pp.) Two newsletter editorial advisors, Donald C. Bryant and James T. Boulton, expect to do further research in Burke's prose style. Burke's aesthetic principles and his position in eighteenth-century aesthetic theory have been presented by Joseph J. Rondy, Jr., in *Some Aesthetic Developments Reflected in English Periodicals, 1770-1798* (Ph. D. Dissertation, University of Illinois, 1955, 214 pp.), and by J. T. Boulton, in his excellent introduction to the recent edition of Burke's *Sublime and Beautiful* (Columbia University Press, 1958). An excellent four-column review of Boulton's book appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* (London), September 4, 1959, p. 506. Scholars interested in Burke's aesthetic theory will find much profit in reading the very perceptive article by Professor Lucyle Werkmeister, "Coleridge on Science, Philosophy, and Poetry: their Relation to Religion," *Harvard Theological Review*, Vol. LII, No. 2 (April, 1959), pp. 85-118. In his conception of poetry and aesthetic theory, "Coleridge's position," Professor Werkmeister concludes, "is a synthesis of

the positions of Burke and Berkeley."

Burke as an Economist

DIXON WECTER in "Adam Smith and Burke," *Notes and Queries*, CLXXIV (April 30, 1938), pp. 310-11, and William C. Dunn in "Adam Smith and Edmund Burke; Complementary Contemporaries," *Southern Economic Journal*, VII (January, 1941), pp. 330-46, have shown the great similarity in economic thought between Smith and Burke. Smith himself had said: "Burke is the only man I ever knew who thinks on economic subjects exactly as I do without any previous communication having passed between us." Recently, the renewed importance of their free enterprise type of economic thinking was strongly underscored by Dr. William Röpke, University of Geneva, in "The Economic Necessity of Freedom," *MODERN AGE* (Summer, 1959). In an earlier number of *MODERN AGE* (Fall, 1957), Dr. Röpke described the Mont Pelerin Society, a group of economists and publicists who, like Burke during the French Revolutionary period, attribute Western disarray to "the growth of a view of history which denies all absolute moral standards," to "theories which question the desirability of the rule of law," and to "a decline of belief in private property and the competitive market." Burke sounds as clearly in the first two clauses of the diagnosis as Smith does in the third. Moreover, since the spring of 1947, when the diagnosis was made, it has gained authority from the men who helped to make it. They include Luigi Einaudi, who became first president of the Italian republic; Jacques Rueff, now economic advisor to DeGaulle; Röpke himself, one of the teachers of Ludwig Erhard, economic minister of the German Federal Republic; and Karl Brandt, presently a member of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors. All five men have

had a key role in the spectacular economic and monetary recoveries which have fortified freedom in their respective countries, and generally in the West. They show the continuing relevance of the thought of Smith and Burke, and sharpen interest in new research on Burke as an economist.

Burke on Religious Conciliation

AT A TIME when there are signs of a new conciliatory spirit among the Christian churches, it is worth remembering a passage by Burke written on December 14, 1791, to the Archbishop of Nisobi, then Papal Legate at Liege: "As to our differences, My Lord, the spirit upon both sides which created the contest being over, things of course return, or ought to return to their natural state, and that which in itself deserves reverence will be revered. If we are right in our separation, let us justify it by a double zeal in favor of that object for the purity of which we made this great breach. If we are wrong, let us make our error the less by our moderation in our mistake; then our differences may remain, but our animosities will cease; we shall live [love?] for the points in which we are sure we are in the right, and not hate each other for those in which we may mutually imagine each other in the wrong; and then the differences in our faith will become only the means of an increase in our charity. We shall have no enemy but the common enemy; that enemy which would debase our nature, our character, and make us more miserable than the beasts; leaving us what they cannot take from us, remembrance and anticipation; but depriving our dignified but anxious existence of all its

consolations and all its hopes." This hitherto unpublished letter first appeared in H. V. F. Somerset's article, "Edmund Burke, England and the Papacy," the *Dublin Review* (1938). More recently, a detailed study of how Burke applied this spirit of conciliation in religion through practical statesmanship has been made by John E. O'Brien, *Efforts in the Field of Religious Toleration in the Early Political Career of Edmund Burke, 1765-1782*, (Ph.D. Dissertation, University of Ottawa, Canada, 1955, 267 pp.).

Recent Lectures on Burke

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1959, C. P. Ives and Thomas I. Cook of the newsletter staff appeared with E. Riley Hughes, Department of English, Georgetown University, on the Georgetown University TV Forum, over Station WTTG, Washington, D.C. Their subject, "Are Conservatives Coming Back?," was centered in a discussion of Edmund Burke. The panel had discussed the same topic earlier for radio, and Georgetown University supplied transcripts to approximately 150 radio stations in the United States, including commercial stations, member stations of the National Association of Education Broadcasters, stations of the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, and the Voice of America. On November 13, 1959, Peter J. Stanlis gave a lecture, "Edmund Burke and the Natural Law," to the faculty and student body of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland. On December 9, 1959, Louis I. Bredvold spoke to the Department of English, University of Detroit, on "Edmund Burke's Political Philosophy."

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Gerhart Niemeyer is a member of the Department of Political Science and of the Center for Soviet and East European Studies at the University of Notre Dame.

At eighty-six, *William Ernest Hocking*, Alford Professor of Philosophy Emeritus of Harvard University, lives in retirement but not inactively on his farm near Madison, New Hampshire. His essay in this issue of *MODERN AGE* also appears as an appendix to his recently published book *Strength of Men and Nations* (New York: Harper Brothers).

Ezra Pound, acknowledged to be one of the greatest poets and most influential writers of our generation, lives in his villa near Rapallo, Italy.

John Moffitt, previously a contributor to *MODERN AGE*, has also been published in *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Saturday Review*.

Frank F. Kolbe, chairman of the Board of the United Electric Coal Companies, is also a director of the Institute for Philosophical and Historical Studies, publishers of *MODERN AGE*.

James V. Schall is a Jesuit scholastic who is completing his doctoral dissertation, "Immortality and the Foundations of Political Theory" at Georgetown University.

Donald A. Zoll, Assistant Professor of Political Science at the Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio, is writing a book on the political philosophy of George Santayana and engaged in research on modern aristocratic thought.

Marie Chay, making her first appearance in *MODERN AGE*, is a resident of Boulder, Colorado.

Theodore Levitt, Lecturer at the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University, attracted wide attention in 1958 with his article "The Dangers of Social Responsibility" published in the *Harvard Business Review*. His essay carries forward his thinking on this subject.

Clarence B. Carson, Associate Professor of History, at Elon College in North Carolina, is doing research on the history and fate of individualism in America.

Book reviews for this issue are by *J. Daniel Mahoney*, a New York lawyer, *Milton Hindus*, of Brandeis University, *Harry Elmer Barnes*, dean of America's "revisionist" historians, *Francis Graham Wilson*, of the University of Illinois, and *Nicholas Joost*, of Southern Illinois University.

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